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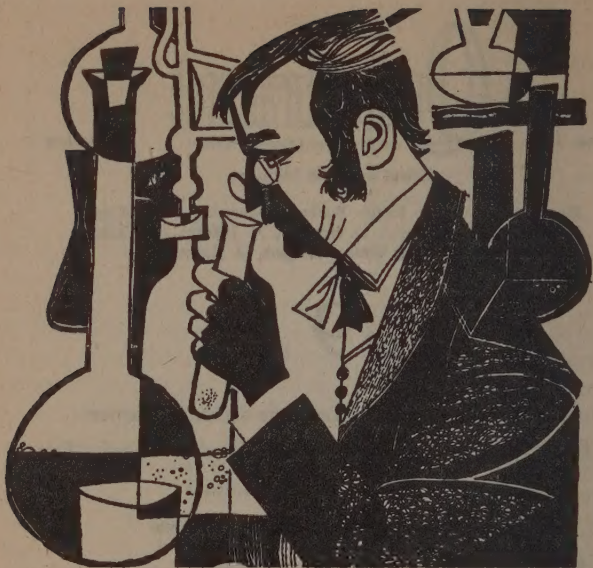
<i>Hugh Atkinson</i>	3	Book Learners and Life Learners
<i>E. W. Titterton</i>	5	The Problem of Nuclear Weapon Tests
<i>Irving Kristol</i>	11	Unilateral Defeatism?
<i>Peter Kelly</i>	16	Two Poems for Christmas
<i>Bernard Hesling</i>	17	The Multi-Millionaire
<i>Kenneth Hince</i>	25	The Case of the Dismissed Professor
<i>George Molnar</i>	31	How to Be a Tourist
<i>George Baker</i>	41	The Ballad of High Holborn
<i>Georges Faludy</i>	43	Poetry in a Hungarian Prison
<i>Georges Faludy</i>	52	Western Australia
<i>Rae Campbell</i>	55	Tempo at a Tokyo University
<i>A. G. Mitchell</i>	63	The Australian Accent
<i>Vincent Buckley</i>	71	Sinn Fein
<i>Brian James</i>	73	Untimely Aid
<i>E. O. Schlunke</i>	79	The Horse: Man's Best Fiend
<i>E. G. Docker</i>	87	Caste and Politics
<i>Anthony K. Russell</i>	91	Looking After the Details
	99	Reviews

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The man who got colour from coal

An accident in a home-made laboratory in England in 1856 led to the discovery of aniline dyes from coal tar. Sir William Perkin was working on a purely scientific investigation into the possibility of artificially preparing quinine, when he discovered aniline (or artificial) dye. This led to the development of dyestuffs in all shades of purple, red, blue, brown and black, and played an important role in industrial development. A.P.M.—Australian Paper Manufacturers Ltd.—which makes nearly all the paper and paperboard required for wrapping and packaging Australian goods, uses a large quantity of dyes each year in producing its 160 kinds of paper and 140 kinds of paperboard. Dyes play an important role in colouring the paper and paperboard sold to other manufacturers who make attractive and strong boxes, cartons and containers that are easy to handle and reduce costs here and abroad. A.P.M. is helping to make Australia self-sufficient in goods essential to national prosperity and for a high standard of living.

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BOOK LEARNERS AND LIFE LEARNERS

AN INTERNAL INTERVIEW

Hugh Atkinson

Do you remember when you met Ilya Ehrenberg and were smitten with his wife and confoundedly bored by Ilya?

Yes. Ilya said that western intellectuals are divided into two; the academic, book learning intellectual and the non-academic, life learning kind. He thought the one had been exposed to the wrong books and the other to the wrong life. He was a strong hand in the knocking department.

What do you notice, returning to Australia?

That the book learners have got themselves a forum: *Quadrant*, *Observer* and *Nation*.

Anything else?

That the life learners have shut up shop and abandoned the intellectual arguments.

Does that matter?

Yes. The life learners have to keep the brakes on the book learners.

Why?

Because left alone book learners go overboard and take the life learners with them. They have always been the most dangerous of men.

Can't life learners learn from books, book learners from life?

Only in the beginning. After thirty-five it is usually too late. Men defend nothing so staunchly as their prejudices.

What are our book learners most concerned about?

Freedom.

What are the life learners most concerned about?

Life.

Are not the two indivisible?

No. Life can go on without freedom. Freedom can't go on without life.

Suppose one doesn't want to live without freedom?

The answer is death.

What is freedom?

According to the book learners, political conditions. Democratic institutions and a parliament, western-style.

And according to the life learners?

The freedom to go on living.

What is the distinction?

The life learners would sacrifice the freedom concept so that humanity might endure. The book learners would sacrifice humanity so that freedom might endure.

What can't the book learners get through their heads?

That the power of modern weapons for destruction outstrips the importance of international arguments.

You refer to IT?

Yes. Upblasting. Upblowing.

What must we do?

Stop chattering about freedom capital eff.

What should we chatter about?

The world needs to find a way towards the government of the whole. A federation, having analogy to the collected experience of all nations as well as to our western democratic life.

Wouldn't atomic disarmament be a more realistic start?

Half a gun is better than a gun, yes. On the other hand, the unresolved national conflicts leading to a non-atomic war would quickly enough see the countries concerned atomic-arming again.

Isn't a world federation a hopeless utopian dream?

There is no hope without it. Nothing else is worth getting troubled about.

Who stands in the way?

Politicians and their book learners, mostly. They have so many good reasons why such a thing is impossible.

What do the life learners think?

That life's only logic is that life must prevail.

Is a federation part of the logic of history?

It IS the logic of history. The tribes fought. The tribes made allies and fought other allied tribes. The allies allied and fought other alliances of allies. The alliances of allies allied allied and fought other allied allied allied allied alliances. Why can't a two camp world become a one-camp world and fight matter, of fight space for that matter, instead of fighting each other which doesn't matter?

I see. Do you have anything else to say?

Yes. Good morning!

Hugh Atkinson

THE PROBLEM OF NUCLEAR WEAPON TESTS

E. W. Titterton

FOR SOME time the Soviet Union has been promoting propaganda against nuclear tests by exploiting public ignorance on the subject and injecting pseudo-scientific information intended to confuse public opinion. The main theme has been that atomic and hydrogen weapon tests seriously endanger the health of humanity, and this has been used to instil fear into the public mind.

In fact, this claim is incorrect.

To understand the position, it is necessary to distinguish between three main classes of weapon:

A) Atomic bombs of the conventional fission type, which are often in the power range 1,000 to 20,000 tons of TNT equivalent, and which produce very little radioactivity. The fallout from such weapons is localized in latitude and is very slight. Measurements made by the Australian Atomic Weapons Test Safety Committee show that fallout from British tests at Maralinga and the Monte Bello Islands at its highest level in any populated place has given only very small radiation doses—equivalent to wearing a wrist-watch with a self-luminous dial for a few weeks. The radiation hazard from such tests is trivial.

B) High-yield bombs (megaton or million-ton TNT range) of the true thermonuclear type. Here the energy comes from burning hydrogen isotopes and the only fission product radioactivity is that arising from the atomic weapon (fission-type) which is used to detonate the hydrogen charge. This radioactivity is comparable with, but somewhat greater than, that produced by a weapon of type A. But because of the enormous energy release in this case, the radioactive materials are injected into the stratosphere and the fallout is no longer confined to a band at the approximate latitude of the test site. It is deposited all over the world, falling over a period of perhaps ten years, so that it is very thinly spread. Like type A, such weapons do not lead to a significant radioactive fallout level and are therefore often called 'clean'. Some authorities, however, believe that very few such weapons have been tested.

C) High-yield bombs (megaton class) which are not truly hydrogen (thermonuclear) but which derive their energy mainly from fission. It is these weapons which have produced the bulk

of the fission radioactive fallout recorded all over the world. To get perspective, it can be stated that firing *one* 10-megaton bomb of this class produces as much radioactivity as firing *one thousand* 10-kiloton bombs of type *A* or about *one hundred* 10-megaton bombs of type *B*.

This analysis shows that global fallout arises in the main from weapons of type *C*—that is, high-yield fission weapons.

In order to assess the hazards of fallout, it is necessary to measure the radiation levels on a world-wide scale and then determine what biological effects these might have. Physical measurements of the distribution of fallout on a global scale have been made and there is little disagreement on these. The necessary biological knowledge to provide a detailed answer to the effects expected from the observed levels is, however, not available; as a result there has been controversy among scientists themselves, and the position has been confused by emotional outbursts and even, on occasion, by the wilful distortion of data. Fortunately, the layman, instead of picking his way through this morass of conflicting opinions, can now turn to the Report of the United Nations Scientific Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation. This represents the joint work of scientists drawn from all over the world, including both sides of the Iron Curtain, and is based on the best and latest information available on radiation problems; its findings can therefore be regarded as being above suspicion.

The United Nations Committee endeavoured to estimate the hazards to man which will arise from the three main sources of radiation, which are: the inescapable background radiation (i.e. from radioactive materials included in his body and in the surroundings, and cosmic radiation from outer space); the radiation received as a result of medical practice; and the radiation received from fallout from weapon tests. The possible effects fall into two categories. Firstly, there are genetic hazards arising from irradiation of the sexual organs; such irradiation can produce changes in hereditary material which, if these occur before, or during, the years of reproductive activity, may be transmitted to subsequent generations; these are long-term effects involving the future. Secondly, there are somatic effects, such as cancer, leukaemia or the possible shortening of the life-span, which are short-term and involve the individual. Let us examine findings of the report on these matters.

In the genetic case, the world-wide average for the genetically significant dose (actually taken over thirty years) is given as follows in the United Nations Report:

NUCLEAR WEAPON TESTS

Natural background	3 units
Medical sources	$\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 units
Weapon tests up to the end of 1958		0.01 units

In the genetic case, there is general agreement that the effects depend directly on the dose, and it therefore follows that background radiation contributes three hundred times as much damage, and medical exposures between fifty and five hundred times the damage (whatever the damage may be) of fallout. The Committee makes calculation of the number of individuals who would suffer 'major genetic defects'—that is, the conditions which would be a serious handicap to those concerned. The calculation shows that the *ultimate world total* of such cases due to the fallout from all nuclear weapons exploded to date, *spread over all time*, would lie between 2,500 and 100,000. The figures show that the genetic effects of weapon tests are very small compared with those which arise from the inescapable background radiation and those which arise from the application of X-rays in medical practice which is accepted as necessary to the maintenance of a high standard of health services. The position can be expressed in everyday terms by stating that the genetic risk to an individual from all weapon tests yet held is less than that which arises from the continuous wearing of a wrist-watch with a self-luminous dial.

In estimating the somatic effects of radiation, the Committee considered leukaemia to be the most important case, and gave results for it. Here, the significant dose is the per capita mean marrow dose for the life period (taken as seventy years), and is given by the Committee as follows:

Natural background	..	7 units
Medical sources	..	ranges beyond 7 units
Weapon tests (if these cease in 1958)	..	0.16 units in the Western world where calcium is mainly derived from a milk diet; 0.96 units in countries where dietary calcium is mainly derived from rice.

Again these findings show that whatever the effects of the dose may be, the contribution from weapon tests is small compared both to the natural background dose and the dose which is received in normal medical practice.

Although it has frequently been implied that leukaemia is the inevitable result of such irradiation, it has not, in fact, been established scientifically that low doses of radiation cause either leukaemia or other cancers. The United Nations Committee

acknowledges this fact and, to estimate the possible rates of leukaemia induction, makes two calculations. In the first, the assumption is made that low doses of radiation do not lead to leukaemia; this implies a 'threshold' dose, which is taken to be 400 rem. With such a threshold, no cases of leukaemia are likely to be caused, either by the background radiation or by weapon testing even if this continued for ever at the present rate. However, some would be caused by certain medical treatments where very high doses are essential to effect a cure. In the second calculation the assumption is made that a threshold does not exist and that leukaemia, like genetic effects, shows a linear relationship with dose. Then for a world population of three thousand million, the report gives the following figures for leukaemia:

Natural occurrence of the disease ..	150,000 cases per year
Possible cases due to background radiation	15,000 per year
Possible cases due to all past weapon tests	400 per year if every-one is on a Western diet; or 2000 per year if on a rice diet.

Translated into Australian terms, these figures mean that as a result of all weapon tests held to date by the USA, Britain and the Soviet Union, there will be no leukaemia victims here on the first assumption, and a maximum of one per year on the second assumption. Actually, if weapon tests were to cease this year, the rate of one victim per year would decrease slowly to zero. The total for *all time*, on the first assumption, would be zero, and on the second would not exceed eighty. The magnitude of these hazards can perhaps be assessed by remembering that in Australia the deaths from heart disease amount to thirty thousand, from alcoholism two hundred and forty, and from motor accidents two thousand five hundred, *every year*.

This, then, is the position as regards tests held to date.

The United Nations Report goes on to estimate effects which would occur, assuming weapon tests will cease in 1968, 1978, 1988, or continue for ever at past rates and with the same mixture of types. This is a somewhat unrealistic notion for, from the scientific point of view, it is clear that continuous testing at the present frequency is quite unnecessary. Moreover, as shown in the earlier discussion, merely by agreeing to ban the firing of high-yield fission weapons (without interfering with the testing of low-yield atom bombs and true thermonuclear weapons)

NUCLEAR WEAPON TESTS

a factor of safety of between one hundred and one thousand times can be introduced into the situation.

Bearing this in mind the data of the United Nations report can be expressed in terms of the Australian population. It shows that if weapon tests were continued for ever at the present levels, the number of individuals suffering 'major genetic effects' (as defined above) would lie between one and eighty per year, while the number of leukaemia victims would be zero on one assumption, and less than eight per annum on the most pessimistic of the assumptions used in the report.

Whether these figures are considered to be small in comparison with the unavoidable damage caused by spontaneous mutations and the presently-accepted hazards of life depends on the ethical and emotional make-up of the individual, and this is one of the reasons why, in the past, there have been honest differences of opinion. However, as already pointed out, it is a fact that we accept death and maiming through preventable accidents, but we discount the harm by considering the advantages. Ionizing radiation is playing an important part in many of the scientific and technological advances of our time—it is an unavoidable by-product of the atomic age. A certain amount of exposure, even under the most rigid of controls, is inevitable. Thus, diagnosis of disease by means of X-rays necessarily involves irradiation of the body region under examination, even when the most stringent protective measures are employed; but we consider the hazard worth the advantages.

Each man must make a judgment for himself in terms of the facts of the situation: for my own part, I am sure that, scientifically, the development of nuclear weapons was inevitable; I am equally sure that the advantages we have gained from developing these weapons before Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia and from making the tests essential to the proper development of the so-called nuclear deterrent have far outweighed the possible damage which has resulted. The biological argument against weapon test programmes at the present time is not such as to compel humanity to insist on a cessation. Indeed, as is shown in this discussion, it is virtually non-existent in the case of tests of low-yield fission weapons or of true thermonuclear weapons. This does not mean that I am against a properly policed suspension of nuclear weapon tests. What I am against is any international agreement on the limitation of weapon testing or weapon production which is not accompanied by proper safeguards such as an efficient network of detecting stations to ensure that clandestine testing does not occur and,

more important, adequate inspection of facilities within the appropriate countries to ensure that weapon production really has ended.

There are reasons for seeking a properly policed suspension of weapon tests. Such a move could constitute a meaningful 'first step' disarmament measure; perhaps more important, it would prevent the development of nuclear weapons by nations outside the nuclear Big Three. I believe these are the reasons why the West took the initiative in proposing a conference of scientists to discuss the technical methods of detecting violations of a possible agreement on the suspension of nuclear weapon tests. After considerable political manoeuvring on the part of the Soviet Union, the conference was finally held during the period 1 July to 22 August last. Although political matters were raised from time to time by the Russian delegates, the Western scientists involved insisted that the conference confine itself entirely to the scientific problem. It was this, more than any other reason, which enabled the conference to reach a definite agreed conclusion.

The conference formulated a proposal for a control system comprising one hundred and eighty stations spread throughout the world, suitably equipped and to be manned by five thousand scientists. The system is expected to have 'good probability' of (1) detecting nuclear weapon tests, of yields down to about one kiloton, taking place between the earth's surface and ten kilometres altitude; (2) detecting nuclear explosions of one kiloton, set off deep in the open ocean; (3) recording seismic signals from deep underground explosions in continents, which are equivalent to one kiloton or above.

Reservations are expressed in the report which make it clear that, with this system, one hundred per cent detection of all low-yield explosions could not be guaranteed. But nevertheless, the proposal represents an excellent beginning, and it was put forward for consideration by the governments concerned.

The UK and USA, after a brief consideration of the final report, stated that they would be prepared to abandon all nuclear weapon testing for a trial period of one year from 31 October, 1958, if the USSR would agree to join in a further conference to discuss the setting up of such a control system and the problem of nuclear disarmament immediately thereafter.

A conference with this objective has been arranged for November; its deliberations and ultimate result will be watched with the greatest interest by the peoples of the world.

E. W. Titterton

UNILATERAL DEFEATISM?

Irving Kristol

ONE OF the more melancholy aspects of the crusade for unilateral nuclear disarmament, represented in Britain by Bertrand Russell, J.B. Priestley, and Stephen King-Hall, is precisely that it is a crusade, a profession of unconditional righteousness. Since the facts of the case do not permit such an unconditional affirmation, one ought not to be surprised at the sophistical way in which these crusades simplify the issue. At times, indeed, they are downright disingenuous. What right, they ask, do we have to make decisions that so radically affect future generations? as if we did not make such decisions every day, and most emphatically when we decide to bear children in the first place.

Only a pacifist has the logical right to insist that nuclear weapons ought not to be used by the West under any conditions. One wishes the damn things didn't exist; but they do, and until international relations become less barbarous than they are, there will always be circumstances in which intelligent and sober men might feel that they ought to be used. To take one instance: What if, in the course of a 'local' war, Korean-style, things go so badly for the Communists, that, in desperation, they employ 'tactical' nuclear or atomic weapons? Such an eventuality is by no means unimaginable—and there is a strong case for the view that it would be the more easily imaginable if the Western governments were to accede to Lord Russell's persuasion. What ought we then to do? Surrender on the spot? Reply in kind, knowing only too well that this step might lead to full-scale nuclear war? The enormity of such a decision is awful. We shall be faced with the alternatives of participating in the killing of millions—perhaps hundreds of millions—or of announcing that the world henceforth will be the property of the desperado. I can understand how, in this dilemma, many decent people might seek refuge in pacifism—though there is also the prospect that, in the endless and mindless conflict of nuclear-armed desperados that human history will then become, they may have opted for both pacifism and the extinction of the human race. But I cannot understand how someone like Lord Russell or Mr Priestley can demand unilateral disarmament while sedulously avoiding any explicit adherence to pacifism.

Their attitude can most accurately be described as an impassioned defeatism, and I see precious little morality in it.

Just how much high-minded equivocation the question of the Bomb can provoke may be seen in the Burge Memorial Lecture (Ethical and Political Problems of the Atomic Age) recently given in English by the noted German physicist Carl-Friedrich von Weizsaecker. Much of what he says about the difficulty inherent in such an 'absolute' deterrent as the Bomb, and the various temptations it offers to a political leader, is very sound if familiar. So are many of his remarks about the need for an international 'easing of tensions'—an over-worked cliché that has not yet lost all its substance. But in anyone familiar with German moral-political literature over the past half-century the lecture will evoke disturbing echoes. The line of thought, proceeding from the most elevated of premises, begins to wander precisely as it nears the point where conclusions have to be reached and decisions made. Of Herr von Weizsaecker's profound sincerity as a Christian there can be no doubt; nor of his scientific authority; nor of his personal courage; nor of any of the other virtues one can think to ascribe to a man. But what one does miss is a simplicity of character and a firmness of mind that would allow his ideals to make some visible mark on reality.

Herr von Weizsaecker is a member of the group of prominent German scientists who, a year ago, signed a well-publicized 'declaration of conscience' with regard to atomic weapons. In his lecture he quotes from this declaration as follows: 'We declare faith in a freedom such as the Western world today upholds against Communism. We do not deny that the mutual fear of the hydrogen bomb contributes considerably toward the maintenance of peace throughout the whole world and of freedom throughout part of it. But we consider this means of insuring peace and freedom as unreliable in the long run, and we consider the danger that would, in the event of breakdown, accrue to be fatal. We do not feel competent to make concrete suggestions toward a policy for the Great Powers. We believe that a small country like the Federal Republic can still best protect itself and can still most further world peace if it positively and voluntarily renounces the possession of atomic weapons of any kind. On no account is a signatory prepared to take any part whatever in the production, trial or use of atomic weapons.'

The particular assertion that it is not desirable for Germany and other smaller countries to possess atomic weapons is sensible enough. But as for the rest—one really needs to be intellectually

double-jointed to get a grip on it. The Bomb contributes to world peace and freedom; it also threatens to destroy world peace and freedom; and 'we do not feel competent to make concrete suggestions toward a policy for the Great Powers'. How lucky to be a scientist in Germany today, where righteousness is buttressed by ineffectualness! As for the wretched American or Russian scientists, they presumably are in captivity to the *Daemonie der Macht*, and everyone knows that there is nothing at all to be done for this condition.

The Christian Church, Herr von Weizsaecker explains, cannot possibly sanction the use of the Bomb. On the other hand, it cannot possibly suggest the renunciation of the Bomb either, 'for she does not know, none of us knows, what such a suggestion would mean'. The individual Christian, however, does have an escape from this dilemma. He can simply opt out—refusing to participate 'in whatever has to do with atomic weapons'; publicly standing by this renunciation against all criticism and coercion; but not otherwise meddling with world politics, except for an occasional lecture. This is, it can be seen, a very modest position. And rarely can modesty have been so certain of being its own reward.

If Herr von Weizsaecker has provoked me to a testiness of tone, I can only plead that my own quota for the tolerance of mindless rhetoric about the Bomb has been exhausted. Mindlessness, indeed, seems to me as much a by-product of the Bomb as radioactivity. President Truman, whose decision it was to drop the first atom bomb on Hiroshima, has never shown the least awareness that his action was other than routine. Mindless, too, was the Pentagon's postwar decision, for reasons of 'economy' and domestic politics, to place the armed forces on an 'atomic' basis. And mindless now in Britain is the self-flagellant hysteria which, impetuously conceding liberty as the price of survival, may yet have the opportunity to discover that survival is not so easily purchased. It has apparently never even occurred to Commander King-Hall that the first thing Russia would do, in an occupied Britain, would be to construct missile bases of her own, pointing westward this time.

One grows weary of repeating the obvious, but it remains true: The problem of the Bomb is the problem of the Cold War. Once one has made the moral choice between the conflicting values that have given rise to this war, it would seem dishonourable to raise the question of whether one would die for them. As to whether one would go so far as to endanger the whole future existence of the human race—that is the sort of question it is

impossible to answer in the abstract. I have been told by several men who played a leading role in the Hungarian Revolution that, had they possessed a stock of H-bombs, they would certainly have used them, regardless of the consequences. These men are moderate Socialists politically, and are as appalled as anyone else at the very thought of using an H-bomb. But in Hungary, at that time, they know they would have had to use it.

One thing, however, is certain: The surest way of magnifying the risk of nuclear warfare is to paralyse ourselves before the very idea of it. For that would merely encourage Russia to be bolder and more adventurous in its politics, and this in time is likely to give rise to situations where all real choice will have escaped us, and we in our turn should feel we had to use it. I am not suggesting that we should madly bluff, or that we should swagger around with a nuclear chip on our shoulder, but rather that we should stoically accept the fact of the Bomb's existence, recognize the possibility of our eventually having recourse to it—while straining to nullify this possibility.

This problem, of course, presents itself to different countries in different shapes. One of the ironies of the present excitement in Britain over this issue is its slight bearing on reality. One might even suggest that in the agitation against the Bomb there is a last exhibition of the imperial mentality; and it is a little pathetic to listen to the demands that 'Britain should give a lead' when one knows full well that there are so few who would see any reason to follow. Even if every Englishman put on a dhoti, chanted the Mahabharata, and became as passive as an oyster, it would not have much effect on the present configuration of world politics, except to add a dash of colour. It is most unlikely that France would be impressed by all these eccentric goings-on across the channel; I cannot believe the United States will be stirred to its core; and as for Russia—the Russians are so little interested in Britain's 'moral leadership' that they have instructed the British Communist party not to support the campaign for unilateral disarmament: the line is that Britain should keep the Bomb but leave the American alliance.

Not that there is nothing England, and the countries of Western Europe, could do. They could do a great deal, if they so desired. Above all, they could exert themselves to see to it that the defence of Western Europe is conceived and conducted in terms of conventional armaments rather than atomic ones—that if and when a crisis arises it would not necessarily degenerate into a holocaust. This, oddly enough, was the original idea behind NATO. But the idea lapsed when the European nations

failed to produce the necessary soldiers, as a consequence of which American troops were supplied with atomic weapons.

The countries of Western Europe, taken together, have the population, the industrial resources and the trained personnel to match Soviet Russia in conventional military strength—if they want to. And there's the rub. For it would require some sacrifices. Not heroic ones—though in a way these are the easiest to demand—but small, nagging, personal sacrifices. It would mean large standing armies, long-term conscription, a halt to the rise in the standards of living. It would mean, in fact, precisely all those things which the Socialist parties, now leading the campaign against the Bomb, traditionally abhor and are most unlikely to accept.

The choice for Europe is not between servitude and survival on the one hand and catastrophe on the other. That choice is out of its hands. The real European choice is between a military readiness to defend itself with conventional arms, which means having to do without as many television sets, cigarettes and washing machines as it would like; and an unqualified reliance on the deterrent value of the Bomb with all that this implies. Putting it in such terms, one sees how overwhelming are the reasons for pessimism.

Nor, when one turns to the United States, are there any grounds for optimism. While it is perhaps impossible for the United States, with its world-wide responsibilities, to be prepared to meet ^{all} military challenges with conventional armament, it ~~could~~ nevertheless approach this ideal instead (as it is now doing) of running away from it, by making nuclear weapons themselves 'conventional'. There seems to be a great deal of fuss over the testing of nuclear weapons—but astonishingly little over their possible use. Since the only purpose of these tests is to make nuclear arms the standard fighting weapons of the services, I sympathize with the demand for their cessation: We already have a sufficient quantity and variety of atomic and nuclear weapons to deter any enemy from casually having recourse to them. But I think such a demand is hypocritical unless it is conjoined to an insistence on longer terms of compulsory military service and the diversion of American resources to the maintenance of a very large, well-equipped, well-trained military establishment based on non-nuclear armaments. This would mean a perceptible militarization of American life and a cutting into material standards. It strikes me as well worth the cost and it must strike other Americans the same way. I only wish I heard them saying so.

Irving Kristol

TWO POEMS FOR CHRISTMAS

Peter Kelly

THE ADORATION

The cock at midnight crows to greet the day,
Breaking the web of silence with his call;
Their velvet noses peering through the hay,
The curious ox and ass have left their stall.

A tapestry of gold and silver wings,
The sky resounds with pure angelic psalms.
Joy fills each blade of grass; the robin sings
Despite the cold; love moves the desert palms.

Nine choirs of Heaven chant the antiphon:
'Glory to God and peace on earth to men!'
The voices rise in mighty unison;
Then fade away to dulcet peace again.

g.

THE PAGAN PROPHECIES FULFILLED

The Oracle of Apollo once foretold
That if a Virgin bore a child, the walls
Of Rome's Eternal Temple would not hold:
Now into crumbling dust the structure falls.

Within that ancient city flowed a spring,
Which lifted crystal spires of water up.
But now it flows with holy oil to bring
A chrism to the faithful's dipping cup.

Cades' vines burst suddenly into flower,
And bear translucent globes of grapes that shine
Like purple lanterns in the leafy bower,
To consecrate our chalices with wine.

THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE

Bernard Hesling

THE WORKING folk of Bramfield, however fond they were of children, lived with their fingers crossed. With the first child it was admittedly a little different, but the faint heart-beat even of a first, had a Big Ben echo, for it let you know with a persistent thump that, until affection let up altogether, the married body, like a bell steeple, must forever rock with apprehension. I remember this anxiety so clearly because of Alfred Clegg, a man who stood out like a beacon amongst the warped child-fearing males—a veritable lighthouse winking his wish for a family incessantly.

The Cleggs, of course, had no family. Had they, as Tom Maddocks, our foreman, said, 'nobbut one set of doctor's bills to pay, let alone the cost of whooping cough and croup for half-a-dozen', it would have been a different tale. This sort of argument, like the pronouncements on the profits to be made from hens by those who had never kept them, can become tedious; and all during the years of my apprenticeship, whenever the faces of Cecil, Frank or Sam grew long at the thought of yet another spark of life kindled, or lit up when almost football-pool luck snuffed out the same spark prematurely, then we were urged to 'suffer the little children' and by a man who had no practice in such suffering.

'You make me sick with your belly-aching,' Alfred Clegg would rage. 'You fly into a tantrum at the first hint, and yet let t'youngster once be born and you're all smiles.'

Perhaps the men wouldn't have tormented Alfred quite so much had he not been sensitive. The merest mention that 'pennyroyal had shifted it', or that there was nowt like washing heavy blankets to get things on the move, and Alfred was rampaging. Alfred Clegg was unable to talk lightly about marriage, or indeed about anything. He was, in our foreman's words, a 'Bible-banger'. 'He may not swear,' said Tom, 'but when he moans about being washed in the blood of the Lamb—give me a string of healthy oaths any day.'

Alfred was not only a Salvation Army man, but he was one with gold braid on his cap and most nights he could be seen trailing his miserable band sluggishly about Bramfield, saving a few souls here, consigning to the flames a few souls there, before ending up at the chip shop, for both classes of work make

a man equally hungry. Although stuffed like an egg with biblical phrases, so that on leaving him at the tram he was just as likely to say 'Hallelujah, brother!' as 'Good night!' Alfred was unfortunately not cast in any flamboyant prophet mould. He was, my mother said, 'a bag of bones', and seen front view, well, it was hard to see him front view for his chest came to a point and his eyes had the appearance of being nailed to the sides of his nose like the eyes of a cut-out hobby horse.

How my mother came to have truck with Alfred Clegg is a peculiar tale. Actually, she never either knew him or spoke to him, but when Irma, Alfred's wife, sneaked off from Salvation to consult my Christian Scientist mother about her erring husband, mother (ever concerned to do a thorough job) persuaded me to point Alfred out to her. 'Don't introduce me,' she said. 'I merely want to see what I'm up against.'

'That's him,' I said.

'What! Yond chap,' said mother. 'The one that's banging away like an auctioneer? Why, he's nobbut a lad. What's he saying, Bernie? He talks too fast for me.'

'Oh, nothing, mother.' I was embarrassed. I certainly didn't want Alfred to recognize me, or we'd be 'saved'. While as for repeating any of his patter—even thumb-screws wouldn't have twisted a single 'Hosannah' out of me. Mother asked me to point Alfred out to her one Friday night near Long Market. I didn't at that time know Irma, or what all the fuss was about, but as we moved back into the crowd of shoppers, mother told me that Alfred's wife was the pinched-looking lass next to the harmonium player.

'He'd like her to play it, and she can a bit,' said mother, 'but actually Salvation's too public for Irma. For two pins, if it wasn't for him, she'd come over to Science.'

It wasn't like mother to stir up trouble between man and wife even to net another Scientist, but as the warped notes of the cracked harmonium wheezed weakly out like all the neighbour hood's ailing cats and Alfred in a ringing voice led with:

Oh! for a man—

Oh! for a man—

Oh! for a mansion in the sky!

I certainly understood why a lass who had to stand night after night wearing what was called a 'Saved' hat, and without any special talent for Salvation, would want to consult my mother.

The Clegg problem, or as my brother Ben called it, the Clegg Case, was my mother's Waterloo. She never cured either Irma or Alfred. She never succeeded in bringing the patter of little feet

into their lives; in fact, with all the hours she spent murmuring, mumbling and thumbing through Mrs Eddy's books on their behalf, the Clegg case (and there was far more to it than just an inability to produce a family) never, as far as mother was concerned, yielded one single clue.

As I, along with the rest of our firm, were in the case some time before mother, perhaps it would be as well to hear our evidence first, although here again we were never able to draw conclusions from our evidence. The peculiar incident (for I have to call it something) began one autumn when, along with five other house painters, Alfred Clegg was stood down. It came as no shock to him, or to any of them, for unemployment at this time of the year was as certain as Christmas. What was a shock, though, or at least a surprise, was that when all the other men called around regularly after drawing their weekly dole just to see, as they said, 'if there was owt in't wind', Alfred was not only not with them, but it became clear after a couple of months, that he wasn't even drawing the dole.

Naturally he called at our paint shop occasionally during his period of unemployment, and he usually managed to make it on a Friday just as if he had come from the Labour Exchange. All the same, Bramfield wasn't a very big place and as our crowd kept together to keep an eye on each other, so that no 'marches were stolen', it wasn't long before five men were giving long looks and asking if Alfred had come into money.

'Where's t'bin, Alfred?' 'Has t'a gettin a private income, lad?' are samples of the many questions he didn't deign to answer. Of course, he could have had an explanation—he could have been painting a bathroom for some relative wealthy enough to have a bathroom, and being an over-honest Christian soul he wouldn't claim the dole; but when two winters running—a matter of forty weeks in all—and Alfred never near the Exchange; 'Well!' as Tom Maddocks in exasperation said, 'it's none of our business.'

This was the stage at which my mother came into the picture. How, I can't exactly say, but as she knew half Bramfield and the other half knew her, she was bound sooner or later via a Church friend or a neighbour, to be called in. There was, of course, some difficulty in diagnosing exactly what category Irma Clegg's trouble came into, or even if it *was* trouble. But as whatever it was didn't involve midwifery, lifting invalids or changing beds and seemed to come wholly within the province of the mind, my mother, who wielded a monopoly of 'mind' in our neighbourhood, took up the case.

'It's a funny business,' said my mother one tea time. 'Mrs Clegg is nearly out of her mind with worry.'

'You mean,' said my brother Ben, 'that even his missus doesn't know where this money comes from?'

'That's right,' said mother. 'Two whole years and he hasn't once drawn the dole, and all he ever says when she mentions it is: "The Lord will provide"'

In our Ben's opinion, the Lord's providing seemed about the size of it. 'Fancy wittering about where the money comes from so long as it does.'

'But *trust*, Ben, *trust*!' said mother.

'All right, trust then,' said Ben. 'Have it your way. Why doesn't she trust him, eh? Why doesn't she?'

My mother sighed. 'That's what Alfred says. He walks in large as life with new bellows for the harmonium and a Salvation suit made up in good Huddersfield worsted, and then says: 'Trust me, love; you've got to trust me.'

To Ben and me there seemed no sense in pursuing the matter, but then mother besides being very spiritual, was also feminine spiritual. She couldn't put her idea to us boys, of course, not in so many words—we wouldn't have understood—but well!—during the summer preceding his affluence, Alfred had been working at Mrs Treweek-Jones's. He was, mother reminded me, on the roof tarring troughings. There all day and by himself. . . . Mrs Treweek-Jones was a deep one—she kept manservants—she played yon bridge game. Alfred himself had remarked that, seen from his ladder, her dressing table was like a chemist's shop. . . . In other words, she was 'fast'. 'Well,' said mother, stammering with embarrassment, 'there *are* women—that is, a certain type of woman. . . .'

'I recollect the type,' said Ben, not in the least put out. 'You mean women who move in society, mother, who keep menservants and a spare bed for the Prince of Wales, and yet are willing to climb on the roof after a tar-stained Bible-banger like this Alfred Clegg!' He snorted.

This was the stage at which mother asked me to point Alfred out to her, and even she had to admit having seen him that although there was a certain flash of the eye and a monkey virility about the fellow, he was hardly the type Mrs Treweek-Jones would be likely to cough up money for. If it might be thought that mother in seeing Alfred Clegg as a paid gigolo was looking in a fantastic direction, it has to be borne in mind that the answer to what must have been at least two pounds per week plus the necessity to keep it quiet, was bound to be unusual.

Here was an out-of-work man who had neither paying hobbies nor monied folk. He could, as Ben suggested, have found a fat wallet, but that didn't fit him either, for a mind that will dishonestly accept a wallet and yet have honestly enough to reject the dole because of it, just doesn't bear looking at. According to his wife, who had lately watched his every move, Alfred was, apart from a tendency to take occasional long walks (for so he explained his reason for leaving home often at seven a.m. instead of seven-thirty), completely normal.

'And is he still fond of you?' my mother asked. 'Does he—pardon me for saying it, luv—hold it against you in any way about—well! about the fact that you haven't any children?'

'No! Decidedly no.'

Pressed on this point, Irma Clegg had to admit that he was as considerate of her as he was of the harmonium. He wanted a family. They both did. They had even, in order to find out why the Lord had frowned on them in this regard, gone to a clinic where tests unmentionable in her case, and certainly not mentioned in his, were performed on them. Actually it was through me that Alfred heard of the clinic. I knew of Denby Clinic through my uncle, the mill owner going there, for people with money, it seemed, screamed as loud when they didn't have children as folk without money screamed when they did.

'No, I can't make it out,' said Irma. 'Try as I will I can't see any difference in Alfred. He eats well and healthily—keeps asking me to trust him and to remember Lot's wife. . . . No, apart from the fact that he won't say one word about his income, I have,' she said, bursting into a noisy shower of tears—'nothing whatever to complain of.'

Unfortunately reader, there is no neat ending to this story. If it were a tale, then Ben or mother or I would have shadowed Alf Clegg, got up at dawn and followed him half over Bramfield in a taxi. No, the answer, such as it is, had to wait for over a year . . . for the sad time when mother, in spite of Science, was taken in the night with appendicitis. It was around seven in the morning when Ben and I, who had waited for hours at the hospital, heard that mother was out of danger and as I parted from Ben at the door—for we went in different directions—whom should I see at the porter's desk but Alfred Clegg.

At such a time, the sight of anyone is welcome. 'Mother is out of danger' my whole heart sang; and someone must be told this, even a someone I wasn't especially fond of.

'Have you got somebody in here, Alfred?' I asked, tapping him on the shoulder.

'Why, no, Bernie,' he replied, nearly jumping out of his skin at the sight of me. 'I—well, er—I'm just waiting for t'porter.'

I hung around waiting, for we were both working at houses on Park Side and we might as well walk over the moor together. I told him about mother, how she would pull through, and—'Look Bernie!' he said, cutting me rudely off in the middle of my tale, and obviously in a great dither about something. 'Run on ahead—I'll catch you up.'

I turned to go, but even as I turned the porter clomped out of his little room with an envelope: 'Doctor left your cheque Mr Clegg. You'll bring the receipt as usual?'

In a normal society the giving and taking of cheques is as common as the giving and taking of tea, but at eighteen I had never seen a cheque, while to receive such a thing, and with the added bit about 'as usual', well, I may have been Doctor Watson before, but I was certainly Sherlock Holmes now.

'The world's a funny place, Bernie,' remarked Alfred shiftily, folding his envelope small and tucking it into his money-belt. I agreed that this was so—and even funnier, I thought, when a professional Bible-thumper like you doesn't even listen to what sad happenings brings his work-mate to hospital at seven a.m.! We walked across the moor in silence. There was no point taking a tram, for even walking we were early, and not until we were half way across and with the warm sun on our faces and the smell of clover rising sweeter than the smell of breakfast, was a word spoken, and even then you couldn't call it a word:

'Keep you in health and righteousness, oh Israel, that thy seed may flourish! . . .'

It was, indeed, a peculiar utterance. But no more peculiar than many a lone Bible cry of mother's when the sun was on her face. You didn't, of course, answer such poetry, or even ask what it meant. There was a certain music in Biblical quotations, and if a man wasn't given to either whistling or singing (and Alfred wasn't), then he had to do something.

'I never thought to tell a soul about—yond there—' sighed Alfred, just before we reached the job. 'But if anyone has to know, it's only right that it must be thee.' It would be impossible to know why even at this stage Alfred thought it behoved him to speak. I knew about the cheque, of course, and could imagine that there had been others, but as to what strange service these were payment for I could never have guessed in a hundred years. There was, though, as Alfred had said, a certain justice in *my* knowing rather than anyone else, for the gunpowder train which led to such a grand flare-up of income was of my firing

'It happened when you told me about yon clinic, Bernie,' he said. 'They could do nowt for us. They said there was nowt wrong—and that sooner or later when we were least expecting it, a family might come.' He paused for breath—for strength—ay, even for words, for at best such a primitive soul could give only an addled picture of his scientific good fortune. 'It's the seed, Bernie!' he breathed mysteriously—'What yon doctors call the perm. Mine's valuable, lad! I don't rightly know about such matters, but under t'magnifying glass Doctor Fletcher said mine had a count of a hundred and thirty millions, and all as nigh perfect as he'd ever clapped eyes on!'

There was, besides embarrassment, great pride in Alfred's voice as he told the fantastic, half-comprehended tale of his part in clinical research—of the procession of neat packages left when they were still wick and warm, and of the procession of cheques for services rendered. Overcoming his shyness as he went on, he took from his money-belt (a bank, he said, that never left his body), a piece of paper: the back page of a hymnal, much folded and bearing in all but illegible medical scrawl the number 130,000,000.

'I got him to write it down,' said Alfred, 'just to be on t'safe side.' He spoke with the voice of a martyr, and he was a martyr of sorts, too. 'For such a cross you have to bear yourself,' he said. 'Even to your own missus you can't tell a tale like yond. . . .'

As we were parting, and after I had answered his mute appeal with many criss-crossings of my heart, we heard trumpeted up from the valley below, the long singing whee-ooo-ee of a fast train crossing the viaduct on its way to Bramfield.

'Just think,' he said, the sound prompting him to nod in the direction of the hospital and of the packages it stood for, 'yon parcel of mine will be in Denby by nine o'clock! In Leeds and Manchester at half-past—Verily God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. . . .'

Bernard Hesling

THE QUADRANT PRIZE FOR HANDWRITING

Through the kindness of an anonymous donor a Quadrant prize of two guineas was offered in this year's schools competition of The Society for Italic Handwriting in Australia. The prize was given to the entry best for age in all sections and was won by D. Allom (17 years) of Brisbane Boys' College.

TO GET AHEAD, YOU MUST LOOK AHEAD!

How often do we hear the man who feels he has made some little progress in life confide that he is "doing a little coasting", or that he is "marking time"?

What a lamentable piece of self-deception that is! The truth is that nobody, anywhere, can stand still for long. If a man at any time does not positively know he is actively progressing, of this he can be sure — he is slipping back, losing his grip, being overtaken and passed. To get ahead, one must always look ahead, always have a plan, and always keep moving.

That is why we Atlantic people are seen so energetically pushing on with our plans for tomorrow — extending and multiplying our service facilities for motorists and petroleum users everywhere—and the army of motorists is growing ever more swiftly!

For thirty years Atlantic has served the nation, in transport, industry and agriculture, with the world's best in petroleum products. We shall continue doing that tomorrow, too — because we are actively building for tomorrow!



Atlantic Union Oil Company Pty. Limited

THE CASE OF THE DISMISSED PROFESSOR

Kenneth Hince

HISTORIANS and research students have left G. W. L. Marshall-Hall inappropriately obscure, quite by-passing his memory in the scramble for Australian subjects. If you live in Melbourne this may provoke but will not surprise you, for even now there remain live interests which are sensitive and hostile to the mention of his name—though all concerned in his 'case', and all whom as students he may have influenced, must be dead or beyond harm after these forty years.

Yet we are something in his debt still, and if he should at any time be exhumed he is sure to be re-interred with full military honours. *His soul was aflame with music*, records the memorial tablet in the University Conservatorium; and from this unextinguished hearth sparks were scattered which are not dead even now. First incumbent of the Ormond Chair of Music, he burst, a late and violent romantic, into a colonial tea-party of music in which the guests could hardly have been more antipathetic to him. Not that these late nineteenth-century musicians were all humbugs or philistines—witness Henry John King and his futile labour in rescoring Wagner from the voice and piano reduction, so that he could play him to indifferent audiences. But public music was ridden by an impossibly unreal and fragile vision of the art. Its standards and norms were an attenuated parody of those of mid-Victorian England, and even there the gods had been Mendelssohn and the academy, the fairy-tale and the factory. To the Melbourne of the eighteen-nineties, Mendelssohn, fifty years dead and even in life urbanely conventional, was modern of the moderns: his suavity and his platitudes were in neat accord with a view of music as a salon accomplishment—the piano in every parlour, the immutable soprano in changeless pink, the unseen musicians quietly sweating behind the potted palms in the conservatory. Shortly before Marshall-Hall arrived, the head of a University college had published an oratorio, in which the Handelian outlines were ever so faintly obscured by the colouring of Mendelssohn's chromaticism.

Marshall-Hall, intensely virile as man and musician, with three dimensions to his bone and flesh, erupted through this trippery with the utmost energy and the most open contempt.

The external facts at least of his career are well-known. After three or four years in the Ormond Chair, three or four years of public concerts remarkable equally for the new names on his programmes and for his impromptu indictments of humbug and the orotundity of newspaper critics, his character was questioned and he was dismissed. The proximate offence was given in a small book of sardonic if mediocre verse, *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, deemed in 1900 to render him an unfit tutor of the young. The reader of 1958 may search the volume in vain for signs of moral turpitude; and of course there were less public reasons for wanting him out of the way. *The Argus*, for instance, recruited hostile feeling far more intently than the book seems to have demanded: what its reasons were, and what factors counted against Marshall-Hall on the University Council, remain to be investigated. But, though he spent I believe much of his retirement in England, he left friends at court, and in 1916 he accepted a second invitation to the Ormond Chair, only to die after a few months.

A full-scale scrutiny of records would have to be made before we could give any analysis of his case against the University, and the University's against Marshall-Hall. This is far from my intention at the moment, especially since the relevant records are not altogether easy to trace, let alone to view. But one small and fragmentary piece of evidence did fall into my hands some time since, a book which casts quite an amount of light on Marshall-Hall's attitudes and convictions—convictions which underlie a number of the lyrics in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. It is a volume of Nietzsche containing the writings against Wagner, and is studded with free and forcible annotations in Marshall-Hall's hand.

The annotations of a purely musical import are naturally the more interesting to a student of music, and it is in these that I took the greatest delight, although in fact their significance is minor in comparison with that of the other main class. Marshall-Hall was, like any other intelligent young spirit of his time, passionately attached to the music of Wagner—his manuscripts in the Grainger Museum are aromatic with Wagnerian influence. Now Nietzsche's relations with Wagner are a matter of notoriety, and it happens that the essays in this volume are part of the last writings of his life, and therefore bitterly anti-Wagnerian. As epithet falls on epigram, Marshall-Hall is moved to progressively stronger explosions of distaste—mostly monosyllabic and impolite. Strangely enough, it is not until we reach Nietzsche's singularly penetrating and felicitous

judgment of Brahms (the very composer shored up by conservatism as an opponent to Wagner) that Marshall-Hall breaks out at length. 'He has,' says Nietzsche, 'the melancholy of impotency; he does *not* create out of plentitude, he is thirsty for plentitude. If one deducts his imitations, what he borrows either from the great ancient or the exotic modern forms of style—he is a master in the art of copying—there remains, as his most striking peculiarity, the *longing mood*. . . . He is especially the musician of a class of unsatisfied ladies.'

(Marshall-Hall: *Nonsense! Bah! Brahms is a fine strong masculine individuality. His best work is genial and sensuous, and always healthy and vigorous—i.e. chamber music, Schicksalslied, Requiem, etc. etc. The longing mood is absent in his greater works almost entirely. Women seldom will even listen to him. One might well ask, has Nietzsche ever heard a work of Brahms?—or is he deaf?—or has he a physical defect of the ear?—or . . .?*)

So that Marshall-Hall, for all his Wagner intoxication, is not completely the period Wagnerian. He remains dispassionate enough to entertain a high regard for Brahms, strikingly unusual for an English musician of the time. He seems in fact less strongly moved by Nietzsche's denunciation of the Wagner cult: his objection to Nietzsche is here more rational and more enquiring, though in fact the distinctions he makes are never in gear with the grounds of Nietzsche's criticism. 'Wagner's influence is like continuous use of alcohol. It dulls, it obstructs the stomach with phlegm. Specific effect: degeneracy of the sense of rhythm. The Wagnerian at last comes to call rhythmical, what I myself, borrowing a Greek proverb, call "agitating the swamp".'

(Marshall-Hall: *Wagner, both in his life and music, represents us a type of the Italian renaissance period—is perhaps the most singularly forcible type of the man in whom healthy instinct surmounts a life—hostile environment. Intellectually he seems to have often fallen to serious error, hence his weak plots—which are redeemed by the splendid subjects and strong music, to which he was instinctively attracted. Nietzsche does not distinguish between the mere accidental transition-stages of his intellectual life, and the sure instinct which always remained healthy and vigorous. Hence the muddle and confusion of his criticisms.*)

Though as I say these notes do hold the attention of the interested musician, it is the other class of annotation which in the end may prove more pertinent to the historian of Marshall-Hall's excursion into music and the academic life in Melbourne. The later essays in the book are the specifically anti-Christian ones, *Twilight of the Idols* and *Antichrist*. Here Nietzsche turns with envenomed epigram on the religion he sees as base and

inimical to the life-force, Christianity which nourishes the weak in life and in thought, Christianity which opposes itself to the perfecting of man through self-will and the cult of power. And here the significant thing is that Marshall-Hall is completely, even violently, in accord with him. The sentences which most sum up the root of Nietzsche's hostility to Christianity are precisely those that Marshall-Hall has underscored and noted with approval: 'What is more injurious than any crime? practical sympathy for the ill-constituted and weak—Christianity!' . . . 'Whoever has theological blood in his veins is from the very beginning ambiguous and disloyal with respect to everything' . . . 'In Christianity neither morality nor religion is in contact with any point of actuality' . . . 'His [Christ's] world-empire is still, as formerly, an under-world empire, a hospital, a subterranean empire, a Ghetto empire' . . . and especially: 'The hatred of *intellect*, of pride, courage, freedom, *libertinage* of intellect, is Christian; the hatred of the *senses*, of the delights of the senses, of all delight, is Christian.'

Why, then, is this approval significant? Because, as I see it, it reinforces an impression of Marshall-Hall's character and personality which is only very dimly perceived in the *Hymns*, but which may have been much more forward and influential in his day-to-day teaching. When he was arraigned, poems like this were charged with blasphemy:

*One thinks this, another that
According as he's lean or fat.
Those that cannot think at all
Theologians we call.*

Or again this:

*O David was a worthy king
Merrily could he harp and sing.
He became the father of his nation
By dint of prayer and fornication.
He loved his lass, and he loved his Art,
And he was a man after God's own heart.*

Or finally this, which is more objectionable if less clear:

*Emblems of nature, in beauteous form
Were the gods of the Greeks, and the joy of mankind;
Hideous scarecrows that flop in the wind,
Are your Jew-gods, to frighten the weak and the blind.*

Now in point of form, it seems that his accusers laid less emphasis on these 'blasphemies' than on the personal lewdness of some of the earlier lyrics in the *Hymns*, lyrics which fall almost as far short of lewdness as they do of poetry. But, in point of

fact, I might suggest that it was towards the element of blasphemy that the authorities levelled their attack. What the marginalia in the Nietzsche very strongly suggest is that Marshall-Hall's convictions were virulently and contagiously opposed to Christian beliefs. 'Bravo!', he adds to Nietzsche's peroration in *Antichrist* ('I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity, the one great instinct of revenge for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous, secret, subterranean, mean . . .'). Again and again he marks with approval the phrases which are most pungent with Nietzsche's hatred. If he could have kept his approval for the study or the private garden, the chances are that he would have been left unmolested, for he was a redoubtable opponent. But, since he could not keep them out of print, it is probable that he could not keep his lectures and public utterances free of them: this was his fatal error.

Fatal indeed: for in the event he had not only the purely righteous to deal with, but those with a more selfish stake in convention and conservatism. He had offended generously and, one may suspect, with relish. He had offended the hypocrisy of Victorian morals. A sentence of Nietzsche which runs: 'It is only Christianity, with its resentment against life at the bottom, which has caused sexuality to be regarded as something impure'—had not only drawn from him a long comment on the self-castration of poets like Wordsworth and Tennyson*, but had provided him with a text to fling into the teeth of the many clergymen who buzzed about him. This is the form it took in the short preface to *Hymns*: 'Art presents to us the sexual relations in this their real, innate, lasting significance . . . but it is the misfortune of our times that such works are open also to the prurient, the immodest, the eternally *vulgar*'—and certain of the epigrams of the book leave us in no doubt as to whom he was referring.

He had offended, too, politicians of very different colour. Egalitarians were affronted by his cavalier and autocratic temper. At one point, commenting on Nietzsche's contempt for democracy, he has written in the volume this comment: 'The English "great man", and the "great class" he truckles

* Hence the feeling of inadequacy, of partial impotence, and the enervating smack of old-womanishness in such poets as Wordsworth and Tennyson—they voluntarily castrated themselves, and their poetry. Milton attempted the same self-abuse, but only in part succeeded (i.e. *Paradise Lost and Regained*, in which occur a castrated God the Father and God the Son—he castrated his angels too, but was good enough to leave Satan alone). But the Christian operating-knife was not quite strong enough for his tough muscle! . . . All our modern poets (if one can call them so) suffer from the same mutilation.

to, are not inaptly characterized by the following incident. In Spain or Italy, the insult would have been avenged with the stiletto—but they are not *democracies*—on this clipping from a Melbourne paper: ‘In the midst of this laughter the Premier was hit on the chin by a flour-bag. The crowd roared, but Mr Reid took the assault in good part, kissing his hand and bowing repeatedly to the people, who became still more convulsed at the grotesque spectacle of the Premier standing with his face and waistcoat smothered in flour and making no attempt to wipe it off. Mr Reid (continuing) said that even his opponents made him look whiter than ever, and all could now see what a white man he was.’

Hardly an egalitarian comment on Marshall-Hall’s part: yet on the other hand, hardly a solidly conservative choice of examples, for Reid, the ‘great enemy of Federation’, was not a man of the people. And even if this contempt for entrenched figures was unreined only in the privacy of a marginal comment, the local democrats had this kind of thing to face in *Hymns*:

*When Adam delved and Eve span
They snoozed and busied with the sun.
The mud-patch that they dunged and tilled
Both mind and belly fully filled:*

*To read and write they’ve learned now too,
And hem and haw with critic tongue,
Yet still to their first instincts true
The universe they till and dung.*

Yes; the scope of Marshall-Hall’s contumely was broad. It would have been an extraordinary thing to find no elements of grudge, no traces of personal scores repaid, on the tribunal which sent him packing after those first three or four years. Yet the inference to be drawn from the marginal comments on Nietzsche seems to present a fairer case for his dismissal than the one made public at the time. Especially now, when academic freedom and privilege are again widely discussed, it is certainly a moot point whether a professor should be dismissed for sharing Nietzsche’s hallucinations about ‘moralic acid’. But, if such an inability were as *sure* as these comments make it appear *probable*, we could reasonably describe as academic suicide Marshall-Hall’s inability to keep to himself a conviction that Christianity was ‘the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity, the one great instinct of revenge. . . .’

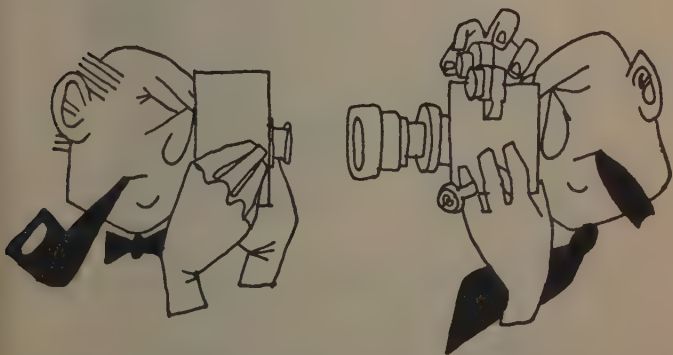
Kenneth Hince

HOW TO BE A TOURIST

George Molnar

A FRIEND of mine has returned just recently from a round the world tour. This was his first trip abroad. 'George, my friend!'—he summarized his findings—'the world is quite a place!' So we travel. Some of us look at the world with knowledge, understanding, appreciation and sensitivity. The other people . . . and here comes the definition I've been looking for: *Tourist is everybody else besides oneself who visits foreign lands.*

In the following, detailed instructions are given on how to become one.



A real tourist travels by plane. This enables him to see the greatest number of places in the shortest of time, thus making the most of his money. The schedule is fixed beforehand, the number of days (hours, minutes) to be spent in every place is set, hotels booked, tours organized, shops alerted, shows reserved.

One suitcase is enough. Two shirts are enough, and one suit, preferably a washable one, besides the one you are wearing.

Every evening you wash your shirt. Lying in your bed at the Ritz at twenty pounds a day you listen to the soft dripping sound from the bathroom and feel self-sufficient and brave, like an explorer living off the land.

So the first instruction is: *Travel light*. (Cameras, statuary, vases, rolls of material, armour, lampshades, and all the loot you've bought do not count. You have to carry those around to impress other tourists.)



Don't trust foreigners. It is unfortunate, that abroad everybody is one.

The man masquerading as a railway porter is obviously a thief. If he is a real porter it will not make any difference. His earnings surely can't allow him to be honest. The fact that all your luggage turns up intact at the right destination does not disprove this statement. It was just some fortunate coincidence that thwarted his evil intentions. So don't tip him.

The Grand Hotel, where you are staying—so comfortable, so neutral, so just-like-at-home gives you in an alien land the safety of well-known surroundings and the atmosphere you



are accustomed to. But you can't stay indoors all the time. (You can, you know!) Occasionally you have to go into the street, into a hostile world, where the moment they notice that you are a tourist everybody is ready to take advantage of you, cheat you, overcharge you, deceive you. There is only one answer: *Don't be conspicuous. Dress like the natives.*



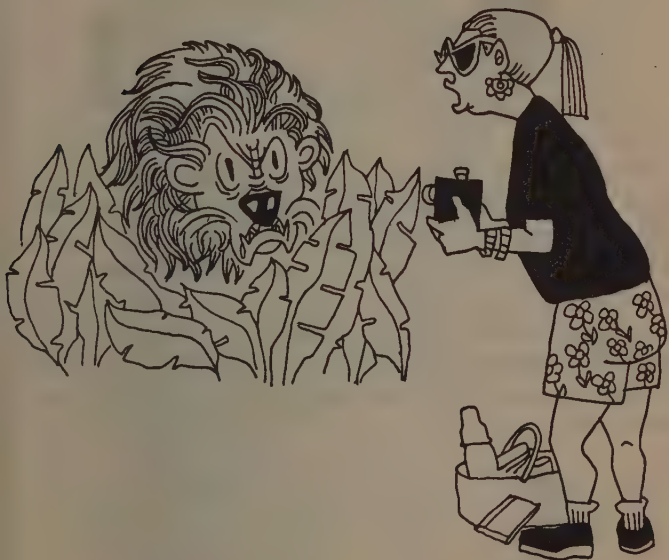
The natives, well, they're natives. Poor things they can't help it. They don't know any better. It is unfortunate for them not to have been born in your own country, not to have known proper values, sound ideas, polite manners. Well, it's just too bad. But don't hold against them their quaint habits and odd ways of life. It's just ignorance. So: *Be nice to natives. Treat them as you would your own people.*



This can be quite difficult. One of the obstacles is that they usually pretend not to speak your language (Britishers included). It is true, that there is no point in speaking to them at all. The staff waiting on you at the right places (the places you frequent)

is trained to obey certain simple words of command. But occasionally you may have to ask for directions (very dangerous!) or you may go into a shop not listed in the tourist guide (very unwise!) or you want them to pose for photos (it is their duty!). In no case accept their pretence. *Everybody can understand English if spoken slowly, brokenly and very loudly.*

If not they do it purposely to annoy you.



One of the pleasures of travelling is to taste foreign foods and drinks. You simply must. Within reason, certainly. Now one knows that the French use all those sauces simply to disguise the fact that their meat is horrid. The Italians cook in oil because they can't afford butter. Wine is consumed mainly, because gin and scotch cost too much. You don't have to put up with such vagaries. There is a delightful variety in the way different nations cook hamburgers, waffles, and charcoal broiled steaks and, within those ranges: *Eat native food only.*

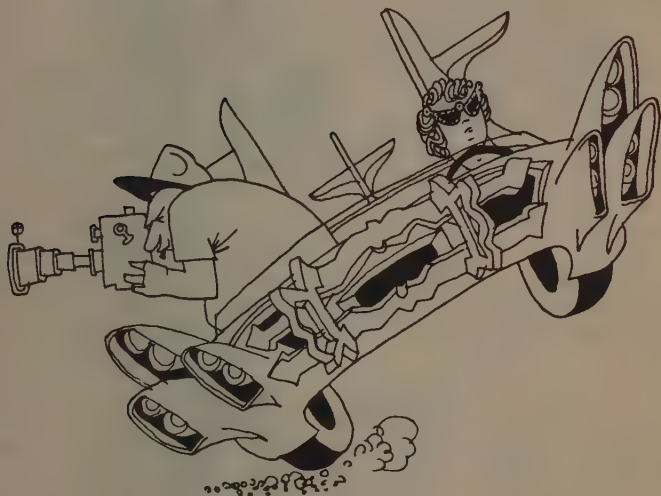


Europe is cheap. All prices are about one-third of what they'd be at home. This is the most enjoyable part of travelling. The reason for this is that foreigners have very low standards of living and their money is phoney, like theatrical notes. Mind you, prices at home are fair, very fair, due to mass production, scientific merchandizing and enlightened competition. *But: Don't let anybody charge you the same.* He that does it is a robber, a criminal, an extortioner and beside he's upsetting your feeling of superiority.



HOW TO BE A TOURIST

The technique of being a tourist has improved immensely since the advent of motor car and camera. The whole painful part of gazing hours at end at some historical building can be dispensed with. You arrive at the place, focus, read the exposure meter, set the time, click, the whole thing is over in a matter of seconds. With a fast car, and reasonable traffic conditions, all the monuments of Rome can be visited in half a day. So remember always: *Never look at anything. Take a picture.*



Most of these things are not worth looking at anyway. Foreigners are a crafty lot. They pretend that they have industries and commerce and agriculture and such things, but you really know that they all live only on the monies you distribute among them as a tourist. All these picturesque towns, colourful peasants, quaint costumes are nothing but a gigantic stage set designed to make you part with your cash. Even if it is free of charge, especially if it is so, beware.

Don't be taken in.



Follow official tours only. They are fast, comfortable, they pick you up, and take you home in time for dinner. They show you all the sights you should see, they don't waste your time with unnecessary explanations, and at the end they give you a printed list so that you know where you have been.



Whatever allowance one has to make to foreigners, one never can countenance their attitude to sex. At home there is love, which is marriage, and sex problems, which are looked after by the psychoanalysts, and Love, which is romance, and Sex, which is Hollywood, and Nudity, which is burlesque shows and stag parties. Everything is in its right place and perfectly under control. Foreign men do nothing but think of sex all the time. You know from the way they look at you. They undress you with their eyes, seduce and rape you while you walk in the streets. No getting away from it: *All foreigners are sex maniacs.*



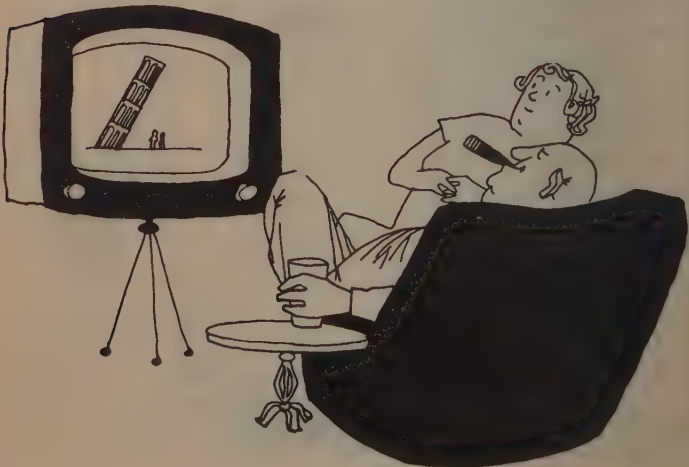


And the women are even worse. Shopgirls or duchesses, they're interested only in money. They have X-ray eyes, that stab through your clothes and discover every roll of banknotes. They all have gigolos to set on you. They suffer from the most terrible diseases.

★

And so the tourist returns from abroad with the comforting knowledge, that everything is simpler, better and straighter at home. Which is the reason why he undertook the journey.

George Molnar



THE BALLAD OF HIGH HOLBORN

George Baker

In London fog—a wartime day—
On airman's business up Kingsway
I passed a girl and heard her say:
 'High Holborn,
 Hi, hey.
Take my arm; walk my way.'

Repelled by commerce, in dismay
Recoiling, I rebuke her: 'Pray,
Where might we go in this dank grey,
 With your, *High Holborn*,
 Your *Hi, hey*,
Take my arm and walk my way?'

The candid eyes look up, display
A maiden anger: 'Don't delay
With nursery games of *might and pray*:
 High Holborn!
 Hi, hey!
Fly soon; now walk my way!'

I hesitate. Oh, the array
Of fog-gems in her hair! My clay
Benumbed and lonely, warms to play
 High Holborn,
 Hi, hey.
I grasped her arm and walked her way.

By day we laughed, by night we lay.
The fear of death I could not slay;
Her aspen ardour burned away,
 Breathing: 'High Holborn,
 Hi, hey,
You don't *regret* you came my way?'

No later loves can quite betray
This casual first, when in decay
My pride was shaken—all a-sway.
 —High Holborn.
 Hi, hey.

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POETRY IN A HUNGARIAN PRISON

Georges Faludy

HUNGARIANS are extremely fond of poetry. I could compare their liking for poetry with that of the old Greeks, the Arabs under Abdel Malik's or Harun al Rashid's reigns or that of the British of the nineteenth century. With one difference, however: British were chiefly interested in their own national poetry, whereas the Hungarians have an equal affection for their own and for the world's poetry. Asked once what he considered the most outstanding Hungarian poem, our writer Michael Babits answered: 'The best Hungarian poem is Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind", translated by Arpad Toth.' His answer is typical, since every Hungarian poet understands English and we have excellent Hungarian translations from Milton, Herrick, Keats, etc; whilst no English poet ever understood our language and British translations of our poetry are rather poor. By the way of illustration, I could mention that E. A. Poe's 'The Raven' has fourteen good Hungarian translations; there was even a memorable literary controversy how to translate the word 'nevermore'. Nevermore means in Hungarian *sohasem*—it sounds soft and does not echo the croak of a raven. In order to be worthy of Poe one of his Hungarian translators formed the new word *sohamar* which came a little closer to the original.

In consequence of many popular translations from Homer to T. S. Eliot, Claudel, Garcia Lorca, W. H. Auden or Supervielle, the average Hungarian knows incomparably more about English poetry than the world knows about Hungarian poetry. This is the more regrettable because Hungary has great poetry. While English poets could be compared with a mountain range, stretched out in a vast chain across the centuries, there are dozens of Hungarian peaks, but crowded together into the last one hundred and sixty years.

To explain prison conditions behind the Iron Curtain to Western readers is impossible. Even if the reader is well acquainted with the literature of imprisonment, even if he knows all the facts, he still can't have a picture of Communist prisons. The Western reader maintains his reasonable and logical thinking; but the main characteristics of Communist conditions are illogical, unreasonable and unimaginable. It is utterly unimaginable, that political prisoners are forced in Communist

labour-camps to work three hundred and sixty four days a year (the only exception is the first of May) from dawn to dusk, although they would produce ten times more if they had to work only eight hours a day and six days a week. It is unimaginable, that people can survive on a starvation diet of fourteen hundred calories a day for years and years, without knowing anything about their families, without listening to the radio, without books, newspapers or any entertainment, without being permitted to write letters or to receive them, and without any prospect of liberation. We still cherished hopes and were very much occupied with that one question of release, which, however, looked very like the question of a medieval scholastic about the exact number of milestones on the highway to Heaven.

On a Sunday afternoon around 5 p.m., in the summer of 1952, seven of us were pulling a carload of stones up the hill. That was our usual occupation on Sundays. We were put to the carriage like horses; the secret policeman, our guard, a well fed and rather benevolent guy, was sitting on the car and lashed us from time to time. He did it rather impassively. As usual, we had not eaten since dawn and were forced to do our needs on the way like real horses, since we had to work without a break. Meanwhile, we discussed the fountain and the obelisk of the Place de la Concorde in Paris. My friend, who was pulling at my side, Paul Jones, former member of the Parliament and secretary of the Association of the University Students of Hungary, was asking me about the poems of Campanella written in prison. Later, we played with our favourite dream: what would we tell to our Western friends about our present conditions? Looking around, we had to conclude that nobody ever would believe the whole truth. We decided to tell never more than a part of the facts at one time, but to tell them truly; and went on discussing poetry and literature.

Under such conditions, survival became mainly a question of intensive intellectual life. There was one way to forget hunger, pain, torture and the hopelessness of our existence, and that was talking about history, science, art and literature. The doctor of the camp, a prisoner himself and one of the best biologists of Hungary (he was imprisoned the second time for a life term—in 1944, he sheltered Jews, although a Gentile; in 1949, he sheltered nuns, although a Protestant) declared to me late in 1950: 'We are all bound to die by starvation within eight to nine months.' Although the starvation diet was maintained, two years later only some thirty had died out of thirteen hundred. Those thirty chiefly were workers and peasants, mostly people

of robust condition and without intellectual interests. One night on the straw-mattress, my neighbour, a stalwart youth, a state employee by profession, confessed to me that he had lost all interest in our dialogues (we were discussing the Charmides dialogue at that time) and declared that he didn't give a damn any more for Plato or for his own life. I became deadly afraid for him and tried to convince him of his duty towards his wife, quoting even the Barbarian King, who said to Charmides: 'Our soul, art cured by dialogues.' He made a discouraged gesture. Within a week he died of pneumonia. Apart from him, none of the intellectuals died by starvation or with any other disease. The mortality rate in the concentration camp seemed to prove the apparent absurdity that discussion of Plato or of John Donne's poetry can immunize against pneumonia, typhoid and other diseases.

Since we possessed no books, we had to summon science and history as well as poetry from our memories. When we decided to compile an anthology of world poetry, we faced a rather difficult task. We had to compile the anthology piecemeal; meanwhile, we had no paper, no pencil and scarcely time for putting it down. The technical difficulties were solved easily. Paper was procured by cutting pieces from the paper-bags containing cement, pencils by theft from the offices of the secret police which we cleaned out. We had a guard who carried a handsome fountain-pen in his breast pocket; we set our heart upon it. The guard was an elderly man, known by the nickname 'the gravedigger', since, before he became a Communist, he was the party secretary of the Hungarian Nazis in a neighbouring village and dug up the cemetery in order to get hold of the jewels in the tombs. At five o'clock in the morning, when he entered our camp, he was usually three sheets in the wind. It was very easy to get hold of his pen: a prisoner infuriated the gravedigger and whilst the old crook slapped him repeatedly in his face, he seized the pen from his pocket.

In possession of the necessary utensils, there was still a long way to bring the project of our anthology to conclusion. As we had no written sources we had to rely on ourselves. Some long and undecided arguments were fought on textual criticism. By way of illustration, I want to mention the dispute about two lines by Herrick. The argument was, whether the first line of one of his poems is:

I sing of Birds, of Blossoms, Brides and Bowers

or

I sing of Brides, of Bosoms, Birds and Bowers.

Although both texts were called in question, the majority decided for the second version. That was due to the word 'Bosom', which they appreciated very much. The minority, however, did not yield and called a meeting at night to discuss the problem. Since nobody could decide, the leaders of the parties made a bet of twenty-five bottles of wine, payable 'after liberation at 8 p.m.' The compiler of the anthology was compelled, however, to publish both versions. The true version of the first line, however, is:

I sing of Brooks, of Blossoms, Birds and Bowers.

Our first anthology on wrapping-paper contained more than three hundred poems. Among the English poems, there were a few we preferred not only for their aesthetic value, but because they contained a special message for us, as for example, Milton's sonnet to Cromwell and Keat's sonnet on Leigh Hunt and, above all, Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind'. The west wind itself, in reality, was usually a soft breeze, which thawed the snow on the mountain slopes, where we had to work; while the east wind—blowing directly from Russia—was a cold wind. We all realized the symbols manifesting themselves in the phenomena of nature. Shelley's Ode was the perfection of this symbol; it meant that the West did not forget us and liberation would come from the West. Everybody had the impression that Shelley was alluding to us, when writing his poem, although we knew quite well that Shelley could not have had any ideas about Communist oppression when he wrote his poem one hundred and forty years ago. On the other hand, there were poems about prison which did not affect us at all, such as Wilde's 'Ballad of Reading Gaol'. The poem was considered too romantic; and besides, it was written about a criminal for whom we could not feel sympathy in a labour camp where everybody was guiltless; and, finally, living conditions in Reading Gaol were excellent—it was a paradise compared with our life, rather to be envied than pitied by us.

Our first anthology had a short life and so did the others which followed it. In every five or six weeks we were subject to searches. The guards entered our barracks; we had to undress completely and our straw-mattresses were given a shake-out. The guards confiscated our tooth-brushes, our knives hammered out from nails, and committed our anthology to the flames. We did not feel sorrow, however—ten days later we had the second and enlarged edition. And so on.

In other prisons, where the inmates had to live in solitary confinement, prisoners exchanged the poems they knew by

tapping on the wall. Only a few of them were acquainted with the Morse code and therefore they used the easiest but lengthy method of communication: one knock meant A, two knocks B, three C and so on. In this way Antony's speech on Caesar's funeral or Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' were tapped through dozens of cells. Among others a poem by Stephen Spender was transmitted. Late in 1956, when the first refugees of the Hungarian Revolution arrived in London Mr Spender felt surprised and pleased—and we too, that he was pleased—when he learned what a comfort his poetry had been for the living corpses of the Communist state-prison. Previously, I had often shared his feelings. In my youth, I had translated the poems of the medieval French poet François Villon into Hungarian. I had a great success with my translation—in ten years nineteen editions were published—although the Fascist government suppressed it as revolutionary and the Communist government as reactionary. One night, the guard opened the door of the barrack where I slept and called my name. I went to the door, although hesitantly—the guards used to call us in order to make us crawl in the mud around the barracks or give us a dozen kicks in the pants. Instead of that, the guard said: 'We had a recital at Headquarters just now. I heard your Villon translations—they are marvellous.' And he handed me an apple. This was the only royalty I ever got for my Villon translations under the Communist state, and, besides that, I had not seen an apple for three years.

In a kind letter, the editor of this review asked me for an article on poetry produced in concentration camps in Hungary: how written, how transmitted and what it meant for others. Now I have to write a few lines in order to answer the question: how did I write poetry there? Sitting at my desk in London and facing a garden full with roses, Mr McAuley's question sounds rather pleasant. I never had self-pity for myself and considered life as an adventure, or rather a series of adventures and, as far as personal experiences are concerned, they never had positive or negative characteristics for me—the remembrance of a hunger, suffered ten years ago, has always the same sweetness for me as the memory of a copious dinner.

Events in a Communist prison are much more horrible and much less tragic than the reader would believe. Arrested in July 1950 and charged with counter-revolutionary activities, high treason, sabotage and so forth, I was thrown into an underground cell of the Secret Police Headquarters in Budapest. Although completely innocent—I have been always much

too lazy for political activities—I had a fair chance of being hanged or, at best, to get a life term. Which is what I got. For the time being, it was more probable that I should be hanged the prisons were overcrowded and the Secret Police had to do its best to clear them out. In spite of that, as soon as the iron door was locked, I felt relief. Writing and talking had become too dangerous after 1948—I had had to give up chatting with friends, or writing since there was no place safe enough for my manuscripts; life became unpleasant and consisted of unceasing humiliations so that I heaved a sigh of relief as I believed I was taking leave of life. I always was very much afraid of death but Communism made me conclude a separate peace with non-existence. This is a phenomenon rather common among honest people under Communism.

I had many reasons to rejoice. I was excused from a hypocritical life that was full of lies. Besides that (at least for a short period until I should be hanged) I could do what I wanted. I have already confessed that I was always very lazy. I only wrote poetry when my editor pressed me; once, I did not write a single poem for five years and then wrote a whole book of poetry in twenty days, because my publisher was implacable by nature and did not leave me in peace. True, I had already spent eight years in emigration: three and a half of them in the US Army, and another period in a concentration camp in Africa, and so on—but then I had still wasted much time with gazing at clouds, gardening flowers and cactaceae, chatting with friends of what is even worse, sitting at my desk and working hard in order to propagate some humanitarian ideas. Now shut up in prison, I at last had plenty of time for poetry. I was in solitary confinement and there was nothing else left to me but to write poems. Later, in the concentration camp, I was to witness that the workers sighed for a hammer, the motormen for an engine, the painters for a canvas; I was the only man who was able to continue his own profession.

Even the poet's main driving power, the fear of death, was within me. Since I had been lazy, dozens of themes harrassed me; really, I did not miss anything but pen and paper. I got once a week a broom in order to clean my cell. I pulled out a fibre of broomcorn and sharpened it on the concrete floor; the next morning, I filched some sheets of toilet-paper. To write in prisons with their own blood is an old tradition of Hungarian poets. First I tried my gums, but all the blood they gave was hardly enough for a few lines. I had to wait until the next day and hid the papers in between the wet bricks of the

wall, where they became mildewy and illegible. I had to look for another method.

In those days I often was conducted to a beautiful room with a table, a chair, a typewriter, but no window and was ordered to write down the complete list of my hideous crimes'. For want of crimes, I wrote my biography and they wanted me to rewrite it every day. I felt bored and used to write poetry on the other side of the paper. My interrogator did not mind that, but every day he collected the papers and my manuscripts disappeared for ever; whether in the stove or in the archives, I never knew.

One day it occurred to me that in Homer's time writing was unknown. How did Homer make his poems? Probably walking up and down on the shore or in a beautiful garden—and so did I in my cell. At this time, I had written down some twenty variants of my biography and since I confessed no crimes, my interrogators confined me for five weeks to my subterranean cell. They intended to punish me, but I considered it as a reward. There remained still a problem to be solved: how to memorize my own poems? I thought out twenty to thirty lines each day; whenever I invented a new line, I repeated the whole poem thrice. First, I wrote a poem to my wife, Susan; later, a few other poems. Soon enough, however, a new series of hearings began, and I was transferred to the concentration camp in the mountains and the happy days of Aranjuez were gone.

The happy days were gone, since we had to work twelve to fourteen hours a day and were bitten by thousands of fleas in the night. There was no opportunity to write poetry until I was put to 'permanent solitary confinement for misbehaviour and incitement for disaffection'. I had yearned for the gaol for a long time and did my best to be brought there, though it proved worse than I had imagined. I got to eat once a day (a half mess-tin of potatoes or sauerkraut and a slice of bread), I had to sleep on three planks, there was no cover, no pillow and, of course, no heating. It was winter and our prison was high up in the mountains of Northern Hungary.

Starvation, too, is a stimulant, like alcohol or nicotine; it is the cheapest and coarsest stimulant, but still a good one. I do not mean hunger; colics are humiliating and impede thinking. I mean the rather pleasant state of starvation, the starvation of the body, when symptoms of hunger disappear and starvation unties the inhibitions and increases phantasy and digs up all remembrances lost in the subconscious.

The phantasy of a man is multiplied many times by the mere fact of being closed in a cell. We all possess this kind of phantasy

in our childhood, especially the visual (and partly the auditory) part of it, but lose it later. When I was a child, there were cracks on the wall of my nursery, making pictures; most of the cracks ran vertically and gave the drawings a Gothic air. Directly above the foot of my bed I had discovered the outlines of a beggar. He became my friend, representing the incarnation of human misery; every evening I had silent talks with him.

On the prison wall, those pictures of my childhood were reborn. I discovered sketches representing friends of yore, scenes from my life and from history. Once on a morning, I discovered a black swan and immediately remembered the stamp I had seen long ago when I collected stamps as a child. I immediately fancied covered waggons, lakes and oxen, and remembered stories I heard from Australian soldiers I met when I was with the US Army in the Pacific. I pondered two days and then wrote a poem on Australia of the last century.

Every small thing and minor accidents made an enormous impression on me by the aid of phantasy, by unshackled starvation and multiplied to the very extreme of itself by the fear of death. The window of my cell was covered with white paint, but there were some holes on it, not bigger than a pinhead. One evening, a pale yellow ray of the setting sun beamed across the hole and hit me in the eyes. I immediately remembered a night on an atoll, with a radiant full moon reflected on the surface of the water and green and yellow diffused lights on every side. I immediately made a poem on the Pacific.

In a short time, I lost thirty pounds weight; but closeness to death made me only hurry up with my work. Weakness of body became inseparable with strength of mind and time was passing away with terrific speed. As long as I was walking up and down in my cell and pondering on my own misery, the day lasted two hundred hours; as soon as I was thinking out poems, the day was gone in half an hour. Whenever they sounded tattoo and I stretched myself out on the planks, I repeated the thirty lines written that day and, with a happy smile, tried to make two or four lines more. In a few weeks, I had finished nearly a whole volume of poetry; and the only thing which troubled me was not that I may die by starvation, but that in that case my poems would be lost. I had had the same idea in the underground cell, where I had been scared of being hanged; and whenever turning my thoughts to that, I had the fixed idea that my brains would become like a pit that collapsed so that nobody would ever extract the ore buried in it. From this hazard as well as from the hardships of finishing my book

I was spared by Stalin's sudden death. Being sent back to the barracks, I had to give up the idea of inventing more poetry.

In solitary confinement, I had to face alone the problem how to save my poetry. Now my fellow-prisoners faced collectively the same problem. The world's poetry in our anthology on wrapping-paper had, besides its incomparably greater value, a second advantage over my poems in prison—they were printed and reprinted in thousands and thousands of copies. Their existence was not connected with my individual existence. Now, some hundred of my kind fellow prisoners, learned a few or all my poems (some four thousand lines) by heart. They crammed and mugged my poems while cutting stones or building roads. But the problem still had not been settled, since we were kept for life terms and it could easily happen that the Secret Police took a fancy to shoot us down to the last man. Some of my friends consoled themselves, that two or three people normally come through in any massacre, and, agreeing with them, I cheered up at that idea. But some of my friends still had doubts.

They tried their best. Two manuscripts of my poems were buried; one of them near the barracks, the other at the trigonometrical point on the top of the mount in the camp. We all cherished hopes that posterity would dig up the spot of our sufferings. On the other side, the officers of the Secret Police gave us a hand. In their headquarters in the capital, they heard the rumours that I had written poems in prison. Every week, one or two of them made his appearance in the camp, only a hundred miles from the capital, and used to call for hearing—they had to invent any silly pretext—an inmate in the office building. Tête-à-tête with the prisoner, they offered two hundred cigarettes for each poem. My friends knew that they could disclose only poems free of politics and asked for three hundred cigarettes. They usually agreed on two hundred and fifty, and the officer departed with a poem in his pocket. I already have mentioned the predilection of Hungarians for poetry; it is funny, that even Secret Police officers have to be included in the category of poetically minded people. Although they were murderers, at least they were sentimental and snobbish murderers. And I had the consolation that the very same people who might kill my body would preserve my soul.

Fortunately it did not come to that; when the late Imre Nagy, who recently was murdered by the Communists, became Prime Minister of Hungary, he immediately ordered our camp to be disbanded. I was the last to be liberated and when I arrived at the capital, my family already knew all my poems. Every

evening, some friends of mine visited them and recited poems. At this time, my poetry had been so well treasured in their minds, that I did not care and forgot a lot. Now that I am publishing some of them in a Hungarian-language paper here in London, I get letters from every corner of the world. My former fellow-prisoners are practising textual criticism on me for they remember the original better than I.

I could still write a lot on the experience of other poets in the Communist prisons, on the Shakespeare-translations in prison, but I recall that we decided in the concentration camp to tell the truth, but to content ourselves with telling only a part of the truth at one time.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Georges Faludy

For two days now a stamp has fluttered before my eyes.
I saw it in my childhood, it's from an old series:
a swan sails on it, navigator of meek waters,
and beyond it, with old-fashioned letters: WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Australia, last century! And I imagine the picture:
covered waggons in mud, a lot of oxen and yokes,
bearded men, walking with quick steps,
shaking with every step the long pipes in their fist.

Silver lights, like axes are tumbling on the clearings
the house is built on the lake shore, it's ready and so quiet,
as if on the bottom of the sea. And the chimney-smoke
is a chain anchor-cable, winding itself up to the fleet of the stars.

Women are walking in violet taffeta clothings. On the hills of
their breasts
like a spoke on the wheel, children are turning round;
The women are looking at themselves in the ever pale depths
of mirrors with metal frames. But they scarcely grow older.

On the soft fire in the kitchen, the Irish stew is boiling,
and outside, the sheep come home, like the simoom;
the marvel of the torchlight is brought home from Adelaide,
the boy gets a squirt-gun and the wife gets a muff.

Seldom they gather together—the feast is a rare privilege—
in a smoky inn, where the oil lamp hangs on a chain,
and with a thundering voice, to control their spouting tears,
they drink to the health of the Queen, the silvery Victoria.

The time is measured only by children on the cross bars of the
garden,
and by the lake, which looks like a dial in the down;
Christmas is stamping with his heavy plum-puddings
and later, the falling apples are beating time.

Old couples are sitting on the bench in the twilight,
and on the lake, where the farewell beams of the sun are shining
a great swan appears and glides across quite motionless
as proud and happy and peaceful as their lives have been.

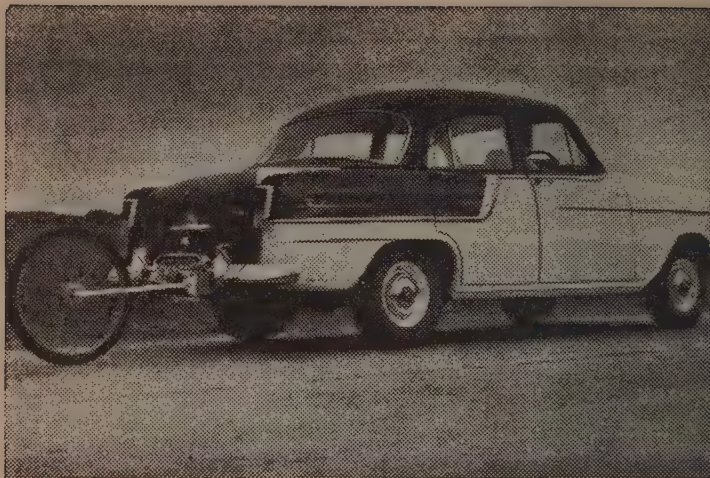
And here suddenly I discontinue my poem since I surprised myself
in the act,
and feel ashamed, that in the second year of my jail
in the cell, a few slaps and kicks were enough
to make me run after the seducing swan,

that I, the poet, the Sleeping Beauty on the lips of my country,
forgetting my profession, my faith, my native land and my fame,
was bending in my dreams over a flower-stock alien to me,
stealing the life of a pioneer and exchanging it for my life,

that I became the subject of the late Queen Victoria,
myself a happy corpse and not a living outcast,
and invited on my frontal bone in the grave
the dizzying glory of that mellow and free earth of yours, Western
Australia!

No, by no means—I say, and feel an untamed smile on my lips
and standing up I rewrite without words
that I won't betray the banner and won't abandon my people,
the beloved unfaithful people, nor will I give in during fight,

but will start again the fight, although a hundred times in vain,
until you are again my free and beautiful home, my country.
And if ever I go, I shall go only for a visit to Australia,
but shall bring home that happy swan with me.



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TEMPO AT A TOKYO UNIVERSITY

Rae Campbell

WHEN, in 1953, I was fortunate enough to find myself on the staff of Seishin Dai Gakuin, or, to give it its English name, the International University of the Sacred Heart, in Tokyo, I felt that at last there would be daily opportunities to contribute something toward 'healing the rift between nations'. I was met on arrival by the Hayashi family to whom some of us had been sending regular food parcels since 1947, and their only daughter, a brilliant student of the pipe organ at the Ueno Musical Academy, had tried to say a faltering welcome in English. I replied in equally faulty Japanese, thereby proving true the forecast of a friend that I would soon find I knew nothing about the language on arrival, despite a year of grinding study in Sydney.

If one had to relearn Japanese there was also the American 'language' to acquire, for Seishin was run on the American university pattern. There were no undergrads, but simply students—Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. I soon discovered lectures were classes, and terms semesters. There were summer vacation courses, by which the industrious student piled up extra 'credits' toward the quota required to take out a degree. These summer courses I was soon to find the most exacting of exertions during a lengthy summer in Tokyo.

More importantly, one had to learn to accept the unexpected from the Japanese students themselves. One morning, in the college refectory, not long after my advent there, a Japanese Senior walked firmly and gravely to my table, bowed deeply and then said in a high-pitched voice, 'Sensei, please to tell us how old you are.' 'I beg your pardon,' I murmured, playing for time. Matsuda San repeated her question. By now the whole table and those adjoining were listening with eager intentness. I laughed as casually as I could, and replied slowly, 'Well, you know, in the West we never ask a lady her age, Matsuda San. It isn't exactly polite, you see. It's something the same as, well, walking across a tatami floor with one's boots on.' Matsuda San looked incredulous. 'And,' I continued desperately, 'only very old ladies of the West like to tell their ages. Also, if you go later to a Western university, avoid questioning a woman about her age, for it is not the custom. Do you see what I mean?' Matsuda San and the others looked very

solemn and then she answered, 'Thank you, Sensei. You have helped us. We will all remember,' and she bowed again. 'That's fine,' I said faintly, 'and now, shall we go on with breakfast?' 'Yes please.' Matsuda San hastily pushed the large tea pot towards me, and then resumed: 'There is just one other question, Sensei. Please tell us, are your teeth your own?' Almost inert I assured her they were, that Australians *never* exchanged teeth, and we at last went on with breakfast. 'This is my worst moment yet,' I thought, and registered a solemn vow to cultivate, post haste, adroitness in reply. Such pointed, personal remarks (and I grew accustomed to almost third degree enquiries about family, possessions and private plans) are *not* an impertinence in the East; rather, they show a keen and lively interest in the new arrival, and are, in fact, a compliment.

Life at Seishin Dai Gakuin was extremely interesting and stimulating for a raw foreigner. The five hundred and fifty students, now over six hundred, were Japanese, with a few Koreans and Chinese and a faint sprinkling of Americans, wives and daughters of Services' personnel stationed around Tokyo then. The International School, in the grounds of the university, catered for pupils of from four to eighteen years and was a veritable League of Nations, with twenty-eight nationalities among the scholars and seventeen among the staff. Though the university itself was a group of fine concrete buildings, designed by a famous Japanese architect, and set around a quadrangle the lawns and tulips of which were the President's pride, the actual property was once that of the former Prince Kuni, brother of the Empress of Japan. The International School building was unique, being the one-time palace. The exquisite Japanese room where Prince Kuni was born is now the school oratory. The palace is fascinating, even if not exactly suited to the requirements of a school. The shoji, sliding doors of the walls, and the walls themselves, are adorned with priceless paintings by famous artists of long ago, and rare wood carvings and other paintings on the ceiling and walls of the oratory are unforgettably lovely. The motif of these panels is always simple and spare in true Japanese style—a tree branch with orange persimmons and dark green leaves, a bird by a bed of reeds, a spray of cherry bloom, or even one flower and perhaps a poised butterfly, and the effect exquisite. Floors and stairs of the palace are of precious inlaid woods too, polished by age, and one felt it almost sacrilege to tread there; for within the school one kept on one's footwear, in contrast to the Japanese university, where the custom was to wear indoor slippers.

The entrance to Kuni House bore the royal chrysanthemum emblem in gold, and often as I passed under the arch of the entrance hall, I thought of the groups of Japanese nobility who of yore frequented this beautiful place where now children from the world over hurry by. It was an altogether arresting setting for an unusual education experiment. The nine different nationalities in my class here were an interesting cross-section of youth. I had some Eurasians, too, these generally brilliant, but often highly-strung and unstable at times. This was shown on the playing fields when, after fine practice form, some would 'go to pieces' on the day of the match. One such child had a German mother, a clever professional woman who had made a study of their problems, the findings of which had been published in the Japanese newspapers while I was there. Her own daughter, however, after six years at this institution, was a prefect and gained the prize for the best influence in the school.

Before the first week was over at Tokyo, I was grateful that Japanese know how to laugh tolerantly at the inevitable faux-pas of the foreigner. A simple example will show you what I mean—take the hygienic habit of nasal care. If a foreigner desires nasal relief during colds or hay fever, he blows his nose vigorously and tucks his handkerchief away again. This is the height of bad form here. It is really nauseating to a Japanese if he hears a Westerner so perform this everyday action. The Japanese alternative is as sickening to a foreigner—he avoids using a handkerchief openly in public by sniffing surreptitiously, then louder and louder, and the sniffing continues indefinitely. It was a distraction I had to learn to ignore, and I ceased using my handkerchief obviously in public.

Then take the more important point of present giving and receiving. When a Japanese first calls upon you he brings a gift. You, in your turn, should suitably respond. I found myself being tactfully told by Obasan, my housekeeper, that unless I returned calls, armed with gifts, I would be failing in politeness. So I was soon involved in expense that a voluntary worker could not hope to meet. When I confided my growing problem to the university President, a zestful American graduate nun, she observed, 'Oh, you must be like us and announce that as you have come here to serve the people with your whole life you can't afford to go on giving presents. But be tactful,' she concluded, 'it's all in the way you handle such a situation, you know.' I groaned inwardly and hoped for the best. In true Eastern style, too, presents would appear a week or two before final exams. I had to mention quite frankly that only results

would be of any avail at these crises. Yet I had to learn that politeness allows for saying only the pleasant, non-hurtful thing, even if one stretched the truth or even openly ignored it. As the late Professor Lafcadio Hearn often pointed out, a Japanese would *not* consider false praise lying. His training from childhood has stressed that courtesy to another is of all virtues the most admirable. In other words, a true and noble person will never seek to hurt deliberately, but always to consider the feelings of another. Because a young student friend of mine, on the day I left Tokyo, saw two Japanese gentlemen accompanying me in the rain towards the huge Constellation aircraft, and was in his excitement unable readily to call out an English greeting, he allowed me to proceed to the plane and to fly off without revealing that he was standing by the entrance. It would have seemed discourteous to call me back in the rain, and it would not have been a 'perfect farewell'. Since my return, he has written explaining. You may say 'How absurd', but true Japanese politeness and consideration were there as well as self-consciousness. Now, back in my own milieu, I have sometimes wished for the courteous gesture of the Japanese, which is truly a virtue. And I recall Obasan smiling broadly as she told me a ravenous dog had worried her pet cat to death, and my first reaction of 'How heartless she is!' which changed when I caught sight of the glint of tears in her eyes as she went to make me a cup of tea. She had hidden her grief to prevent me from feeling it too. This place was becoming the proving ground of a new set of values for me!

If preparation for classes was heavy, and I had six subjects in school to handle, plus six classes at the university, actual class teaching was a delight. I found I'd alighted at a teacher's paradise. No behaviour problem ever reared its head. The sole problem was to steer the student dexterously away from overwork. I had it seemed discovered the perfect students. As regards industry and application, the Japanese are outstanding. They are intelligent—I do not recollect dealing with a dull student during almost five years there—and exceedingly ambitious. With ambition went a persistent admiration of scholarship. The sensei (professors) were almost revered for their intellectual prowess, real or supposed. I found this peculiarly humbling. In short, if my new students appeared to possess one fault it was over-ambition; for it is obvious that if such a drive is not carefully directed it can, and at some institutions less well staffed and shepherded did, lead to physical breakdown. The extreme case, far too common, was the student suicide.

During my first campus days, a knot of smiling students would jostle, politely of course, to carry my books each morning. I told them I preferred to handle my own and chat with them instead of dealing with a retinue of silent companions across the garden. They soon 'caught on', and our daily walks gradually revealed to me their backgrounds, as did the diary which during my second year the university groups wrote weekly for me. In spite of the heavy corrections involved, this diary was a valuable source of information for me.

After growing accustomed to it, though at first it may irritate, the shyness of a Japanese girl is a charming trait. She is delicate of feeling, yet often a penetrating thinker. One of my refectory companions was Akiyama San, a recent graduate who had majored in philosophy. In looks typically Japanese, she had the added finish of the Peers' School, her father having been a parliamentarian. One morning, she suddenly turned to me and said: 'Why do you think you can necessarily help the Japanese people? Do you consider us primitive and pagan and in need of enlightenment? Or did you just come to westernize us because you don't think Eastern standards are of value?' Then followed points to prove that if such were so I was wrong. Here I was on delicate ground, and I paused for a while to collect my thoughts. Then I suggested we deal with her questions one by one. By the time I had explained to Akiyama San that I was there to learn as much as to teach, and that I had been drawn for years to the Japanese because a Japanese graduate visiting my land had been of service to me, the bell for classes rang, so we agreed to finish our discussion that evening. Akiyama San was one of the newer 'nobility'; she would not have been at the Peers' School prior to the last war, but she was a proud Japanese with a sharp and subtle mind, and when we met later she did not hesitate to air her views on the lack of need for Western infiltration into Japan. But her arguments, even if partly prompted by national pride, were clear and well-marshalled, and we talked long into the night. As time went on, we became friends, and learnt much from one another. She it was who took me to my first Noh play, the most ancient entertainment of Japan, and explained the drama carefully to me during the eight-hour performance, which was interrupted only to eat at the nearby theatre restaurant.

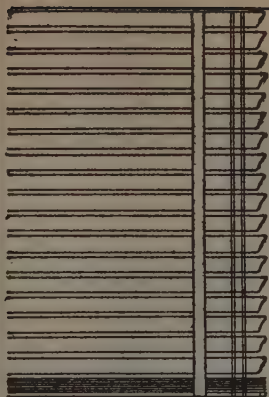
A Japanese, like all other Orientals, finds it almost insupportable to 'lose face', particularly over failure at class work. The way out is often overwork. I was forced to find propitious opportunities to explain once and for all that honest students ran no risk of

'losing face' with me. If the work submitted was the best possible, it would be judged accordingly and only the usual repetitions required. The sole way of 'losing face' would be by lying outright, and I did not anticipate any of my students would do this. After these announcements, tension in my classrooms gradually eased and finally disappeared, and a spirit of co-operation, the teacher's and pupils' greatest stimulus, replaced it. Trust as well as suspicion is catching.

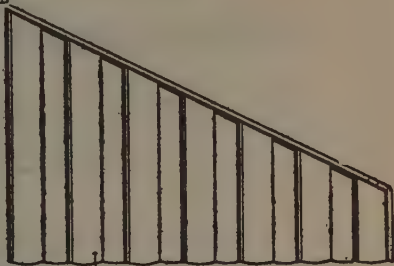
The trend here is always to the USA in the matter of post-graduate courses. This is due in great measure to the larger number of scholarships available from there for alert Japanese graduates. I did, however, try to encourage students to sit for the rarer British and European grants and to apply for all of these open to them. One Korean succeeded in gaining a rich scholarship at a German university, and another, whose name translated was 'Little Bamboo Hill', waxed enthusiastic about her Canadian surroundings after she arrived there, a fortunate place winner at an Ontario university. There she continued the study of English poetry for the degree of Master of Arts. In 1958, the Minister of Education in Japan ordered the careful teaching of ethics as a compulsory subject in all schools—this being an attempt to stem the rising tide of delinquency among children and 'teenagers' after the war years. Mingling freely with my student groups I often noticed a restlessness, and sometimes a spirit of hopelessness concerning world peace among them, but that is a feature of most adolescent groups, and I certainly found no signs of delinquency. Japanese women of good homes are perhaps too obedient and docile for that. Once I *was* the victim of a delinquent who robbed our Japanese house, very easy of access; he removed a camera and food. But we later learnt he was a war orphan and homeless, and endeavoured to prevent his removal to a reformatory, though in vain, for there were no alternative corrective institutions in Tokyo for such as he.

The average Japanese student from an average home is very hard-working, conscientious to extreme, and markedly grateful to parents for providing good educational opportunities. Filial respect and gratitude are outstanding Japanese characteristics. I look forward with wistful longing to the time when we shall perhaps find charming and intelligent women students from Japan gracing, by their appearance and contributions, the Australian university scene.

Rae Campbell



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THE AUSTRALIAN ACCENT

WHY IS THE ARGUMENT PERENNIAL?

A. G. Mitchell

IT IS EASIER in Australia than in most English-speaking countries to arouse anxiety and prejudice at the mere mention of the modes of speech that are part of the country's very social fabric. It is easier in Australia than in most English-speaking countries to make preposterously inaccurate statements about the local accent and have them taken seriously, believed or left unchallenged. It is by now an established tradition of the Australian press not to accept Australian speech as a matter of serious consideration, but merely as a pretext for the exchange of prejudices and unthinking personal opinion. It is assumed that no one can really be serious if he asks for serious consideration of the speech through which Australians communicate their thoughts and feelings.

Why should this be so?

As inheritors of Western European civilization Australians are an isolated people. They have little opportunity of hearing other languages than their own. In the ordinary course of their lives Englishmen spend holidays in Europe and go to Europe on business and professional trips. They have the experience of being strangers in another country and of knowing what it is to try to cope with another language in the common demands of communication. They are made to realize that the foreigner in England striving hard to cope with English is doing no less well than they themselves when they are abroad. The Australian, being denied this experience, is too ready to believe that the ability to speak English is something every normal man is born with. The foreigner struggling with English is thought deficient and dull. We do not imagine ourselves in his position and we do not pause to reflect that placed in his position we might be doing very much worse.

Not only is the Australian, except for those who take the long and expensive voyage to Europe, without the experience of being in a foreign country where everyone speaks another language. He has little experience of variations of speech in his own country. All Australians do not, of course, speak the same. We may distinguish broadly two styles of speech. But these Australian styles of speech are not regional and they do

not correspond to distinctions of class. They are intermingled in much the same proportions in every part of the country. There is not the same variety of pronunciation in Australia as there is in England, America or Canada.

We may count ourselves fortunate that this is so. It is a great advantage that Australian speech is remarkably uniform throughout a large continent. But there is a debit side. In England a person who moves about the country is constantly hearing different styles of speech from persons whom he knows to be intelligent, well informed and of good standing. Just as he listens to these various accents with tolerance, so he knows that his own speech is making the same sort of impression upon other people. To him it is the most natural thing that others should guess his locality or his background by his speech and he joins in the game by picking out others.

But this is an experience that the Australian is not used to. Australians do not identify one another's place of living or their backgrounds by their speech. There is no evidence by which this may be done. When an Australian goes to England and is picked out as an Australian by his accent he is not prepared to meet this experience with equanimity. He is incredulous, indignant and shocked. He does not think it ought to be possible to do such a thing. He cannot believe that his accent can be a brand which carries that is as obvious as all that. Yet he has clear evidence that the thing has been done.

When Englishmen meet the conversation is quite likely to go 'You come from Gloucestershire, do you not?'

'Yes. From Cheltenham, as a matter of fact. And how is business in Birmingham?'

If it is an Englishman and an Australian engaged in the conversation it is likely to go:

Englishman: 'You come from Australia, do you not?'

Australian: (in slow, challenging but anxious tones): 'How do you know?'

It is a sort of agreeable social game that is not played in his country. I once met an Australian in London who had gone to see some friends in the suburb of Esher, which is rightly called *ee-sheer* but which he called *e-sheer*. At this gathering he had been identified as an Australian by his accent. He was angry and puzzled. 'You wouldn't read about it,' he said. 'I had said very little to the bloke. As a matter of fact all I remember saying after we were introduced was: "It looks as if we might have a bit of rain today".' This was said in an Australian accent of perfect purity and consistency. If a Scotsman

had said the words in Scots that was as good, the Australian would have identified him without hesitation and would not have claimed credit for more than minimal observation and intelligence in doing so. The Englishman had done nothing more remarkable in identifying him. Yet the Australian was puzzled and offended. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'it was because I pronounced the name of the suburb wrong. Beats me.'

It is for this sort of reason that the Australian is apt to be both intolerant and simple-minded in matters of pronunciation.

Then there is the great difficulty of knowing accurately what the sounds are that we use when we speak. It would seem simple to concentrate attention upon the sounds that we might make and ignore the visible shapes of letters by which we conveniently represent the sounds. Yet this is in fact a very difficult thing to do. A writer in *The ABC Weekly*, for example (Gilbert Mant, 16 July, 1958), said: 'Mere change does not produce such monstrosities as "thru", "tonite" or "program".' One is completely at a loss to understand what Mr Mant can mean. Does he mean by 'thru' a pronunciation that drops out some sounds. 'Through' has seven letters which represent three sounds—*th-r-oo*. 'Thru' has four letters which would presumably represent the same three sounds. The only pronunciation that can be meant by the spelling 'thru' would be exactly the same as the pronunciation represented by the spelling 'through'. If Mr Mant were challenged to give the pronunciation represented by the spelling 'tonight', the pronunciations would be identical. Does Mr Mant actually imagine that he produces a sound in the spelling that corresponds to the letters 'gh'? If he does he can be assured that no Englishman has pronounced these letters for the last five hundred years. What 'monstrosity' is supposed to be represented by the spelling 'program' I cannot imagine.

This is an example of the quite wrong things that one may say when deluded about the sounds of speech by the conventions of spelling. A great many beliefs about correctness, purity and clarity of pronunciation have this flimsy foundation.

When people say they can hear no difference between two pronunciations, but that they are convinced there must still be a difference even though this may be too subtle for their ears to pick up, the phonetician of course retires from the argument. But there is another sort of difficulty that often makes controversy about speech very difficult and this again has something to do with the comparative crudity with which traditional spelling represents sound. Our spelling provides us with conventional signs to represent the sounds that occur in our native speech.

If we happen not to be acquainted with a foreign language we think that there are no speech sounds outside the repertoire of the language that is native to us. Even if we know a foreign language we may still be slow to understand that there may be many sounds intermediate between the sounds of our native language or that what we think of as the same sound may take different forms. We have for example a number of spellings for the diphthong in words like *buy*, *high*. Then we have other spellings for the diphthong in *boy*, *noise*. In our own individual pronunciation there is no diphthong in between the two.

But in the speech of different people there may be many diphthongs intermediate between the two. The phonetician may distinguish them and he has a fairly precise means of representing them. But because the spelling only allows him to fix two points the person untrained in Phonetics will assign sounds within the range to one spelling or the other.

There are many forms, for example, that the diphthong in *high* may take, and of these we may distinguish two. In one type of Australian speech the diphthong begins with the vowel we hear in the word *car* (let us call this A). In another sort of Australian speech the diphthong begins with the vowel that we have in the word *hot* (let us call this B). The diphthong (C) that we have in the word *boy* is a third and quite different sound, beginning with the vowel in *sort*.

Now our conventional spelling provides us with means of indicating sounds A and C, but does not provide us with means of distinguishing the intermediate sound B. So people commonly say that in words like *time* and *like* Australians make the same sound as in *boy*. This is simply not true. If it were Australians would pronounce *buy* and *boy* in the same way. Of course they do not. Our common habit of thinking only in terms of our own repertoire of sounds and of these in relation to the conventions of spelling would find it difficult to distinguish or even to believe in intermediate resonances.

An attempt to represent characteristics of pronunciation by means of traditional spelling is bound to cause distortion. I was asked recently by a journalist to explain to him exactly the characteristics of some Australian diphthongs. I took first the diphthong that the Australian uses in the word *beat*. I explained that this diphthong began with the central vowel that we hear in *ago* represented by the 'a', and that then there was a glide towards the vowel we hear in *very*, spelt 'y'. How, said the journalist, could we spell the first sound? I said that it was very commonly 'er'. The journalist suggested, then,

that we might spell the Australian diphthong *er* — *ee*. But this would suggest a long drawn out sound that would be a mere parody on the quick glide from one sound to the other that the Australian produces. We agreed in the end that attempt to represent the sound in conventional spelling would lead to such distortion that it would be better to give up the idea.

Somewhat similar to this cause of misunderstanding and misrepresentation is our common habit of exaggerating differences that we hear between our own speech and that of other people. We take our own speech as the norm and relate other sorts of speech to it. We are not clearly aware of the characteristics of our own speech simply because we are so used to it. It is as difficult for us to know objectively the characteristics of our own speech as it is in other respects to stand outside ourselves and see ourselves as others see us. But we are quickly aware of differences when we hear another speaking.

When we try to isolate these differences to ourselves or when we try to report them to others, we are almost certain to exaggerate. In one sort of English pronunciation, for example, the pronunciation of the vowel in *bird* is a much more open sound than in Australian pronunciation. It is still within the general range of an *er* resonance but the tongue is rather further removed from the roof of the mouth than in the Australian pronunciation. When an Australian imitates the English sound he exaggerates in the opposite direction and says that the Englishman says 'bard' instead of 'bird'. When an Englishman, listening from his side, imitates the Australian sound he also exaggerates in the opposite direction and attributes to the Australian a thin piping sound, a parody of what he actually uses.

When, therefore, people indicate by spelling or by vocal imitation what an Australian says, the result is almost certain to be a distortion of what the Australian actually says. Careful and accurate observation of speech sounds is not a common habit and the wrong notions that people acquire are very difficult to dislodge, particularly when they fear that to discredit these ideas is to let down the barriers and admit all sorts of incorrectness, ugliness and impurity. The general person, who lightly claims his title to an opinion on these matters of pronunciation and who is always interested in them, becomes impatient and suspicious of the phoneticians who throw doubt upon an opinion widely held and seemingly commonsense, or who, when a seemingly simple question is raised wants to go into a whole lot of technical rigmarole. On the other hand the phonetician is likely to become impatient at people who

seem impervious to simple explanation. There is a danger that the person with a general interest in the subject should suspect the phonetician as a radical and possible extremist, and that the phonetician may retire into the privacy of his scientific work. The difficulty is that we have a scientific discipline dealing with a subject upon which most people are satisfied that their opinions are right. Scholarly ideas percolate slowly.

I have not been speaking about differences of opinion that are in order because based on evidence carefully assembled. I have been speaking about beliefs that are simply wrong, and which cause mischief because a whole superstructure of attitudes and judgment has been reared upon them. Another common statement is that Australian speech is nasal. But what is the truth about this? All speech is in some degree nasal, for a physical reason. At the back of the roof of the mouth there is a structure called the soft palate which acts as a sort of valve opening or closing the entrance into the nasal cavity. When the soft palate hangs down in a relaxed position at the back of the throat the entrance to the nasal cavity is open. The soft palate must be raised and pressed against the back wall of the throat if the entrance to the nasal cavity is to be closed. It takes a muscular effort to raise the soft palate, and the soft palate is constantly tending to drop down and return to its normal relaxed position. The valve is constantly opening, and even a little opening is enough to send resonances through the nasal cavity.

For this reason all speech has an accompanying nasal resonance. It is impossible to speak normally without an accompanying nasal resonance. It is not in accord with the facts to say that good speech is quite without nasal resonance, and that when there is nasal resonance speech is bad. It is a matter of degree. The accompanying nasal resonance of speech becomes obtrusive and possibly disagreeable when an undue amount is permitted by the lowering of the soft palate.

What seems to be the truth about the commonness of nasality in Australian pronunciation? Observation shows that perhaps three per cent of Australians speak with pronounced nasality. It would certainly be quite safe to say that there is no greater amount of undue nasality in Australian speech than in English or American. Why, then, do people go on saying that Australian pronunciation is nasal? The reasoning seems to be no stronger than this: nasal speech is generally thought to be bad—Australian speech is generally considered bad—therefore Australian speech is nasal. Such reasoning belongs to the pre-scientific era. How long is it since it was decided that the best way to

ind out how many legs the elephant had was to go and look?

It is not easy to arrive at sensible conclusions when wrong statements, many preposterously so, go unchallenged and gather force by mere repetition. Equally misleading are some of the appeals made to a sense of duty or propriety. English, some say, is a beautiful language whose beauty and purity we have a duty to maintain. One writer has bidden us remember that 'good English', as he calls it, has 'inspired great writers and poets'. Yet the truth is that Shakespeare's pronunciation of English, if we could hear it, would sound like a strange rustic dialect. It would be far further removed from Educated Southern English than the broadest of Broad Australian. This sentimental attitude towards the language is quite out of keeping. English is no frail and tender growth that needs sheltering and protecting. It is vigorously and, in many of its manifestations rudely, alive. Upon that rude vitality the vigour and the force of its refined and artistic uses depend.

People can be persuaded to strange anxieties about Australian speech partly because they cannot quite see why it should happen that the Australian has developed a distinctive style of pronunciation. People feel that something unfortunate and avoidable has happened. If we have developed a distinctive Australian speech, they feel, then there must be some corruption or falling away in standards. All sorts of strange reasons have been invoked to explain why Australians speak as they do. It has all been attributed to climate, to a national inferiority complex, or to the prevalence of nasal catarrh.

Yet there is no cause to be puzzled or disquieted. The development has been quite normal and in accord with the generally known behaviour of language. Indeed the development was bound to have happened. It would have been strange if Australians had not developed a pronunciation of their own.

The pronunciation of a language is constantly changing. Though there is no agreed explanation of the phenomenon, this is universally observed behaviour of the spoken language. This would mean that if two communities began by living together and speaking the same way, if they became isolated from one another their pronunciations would change in different ways and in time the two communities would be using different pronunciations. This would not mean that the pronunciation would remain fixed in one community and change in the other. It would change in both. Coming to our particular instance, we do not assume that there was a form of pure English in England in 1788 and that this English has remained unchanged

while the English that was brought to Australia has changed. Both have changed and have grown away from one another.

Even, then, if we began with the same pronunciation pattern in Australia in 1788 as was observable in England, the differences would still have developed. But the patterns were not the same. In England we had many different local dialects and we had the speech of the court and of London society enjoying a specially high prestige. In Australia most of the earliest arrivals were from poorer class London and Essex and some other large English cities. The beginnings were different.

Then the conditions in which the pronunciation developed in the two countries were different. In England the regional dialects were mostly isolated from one another. There was little intermixture even with the coming of the railways. But in Australia among both convicts and free settlers there was constant throwing together of people coming from England who spoke different sorts of English. During the gold rushes these were added to by newcomers from America. This wholesale mixture of different styles of speech produced something of the same cocktail effect as was produced in America in the westward move to the Pacific coast. But there was no such intermixture in England.

Our pronunciation then is a result of our social history. It has developed along with our commercial, institutional, educational, political, cultural and social history and along with them makes up the whole pattern of Australian life. Our accent is not something that we mistakenly decided to adopt at some point in our history. It is part of us.

We are beginning to piece together the social history of Australia and we have not particularly precise or full information yet about the pattern of variation in speech in Australia. But we may go on the assumption that one is a product of and reflects the other. The scholar's plea is for a patient and careful study of the facts and for a willingness to base judgment upon the facts as established.

Until some of the knowledge about the nature and behaviour of a living language are more widely known, and while well meaning but mistaken criteria of judgment are adhered to, one can see the old argument about the Australian accent going on and on.

A. G. Mitchell

SINN FEIN

Vincent Buckley

Often I stood with them
So silent, I must have seemed
A vague and tongue-tied man,
A withered branch of the stem,
For I questioned what they dreamed
Where breeze on flagpole ran,
When, as a visitor,
I wore the Easter Lily
For pride or pity's sake.
The foreign smile I wore
Among dead clothes, gapped teeth,
And bodies eagerly warped,
Burned for some legendary sake
As theirs burned. My breath
Darkened the air with theirs.
And we heard the one voice of truth
Cry: In our heavy blood
We drown the dragon's tooth,
In the flux of this holy year.
Each life, each spring, they stir
At salute of a dead hand,
Beginning to sing and march
With the first heat. The sun
Calls the black berets on
(Though it's in frost they'll strike,
And in frozen darkness fall).
Ah city with no arch
To build once more, no wall
To parade the legions on,
No crowds to gape and call,
The bronze helmets are gone.
But the urgent voice cries on
Like a bird from the fruitless wall:

I might have obeyed it, called
Nerves to my hands, been felled
At the edge, at the snapped stem,
Blindly striking with them.

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UNTIMELY AID

Brian James

LOOK OUT! Here comes the silly old bastard!' The 'muck-up' in 4B died down at this announcement. Every day it went like that, as every day Mr Beresford came into 4B and, after a long pause, greeted it with 'Good morning, boys!' He was genuinely delighted at taking 4B. Such a fine lot of lads. Indeed, yes, all boys were fine, but the 4B were particularly so, and Mr Beresford felt the warmth in the responsive chorus of 'Good morning, Mr Beresford!' Felt it all the more that his poor deaf old ears sensed rather than heard. It filled him with more delight than he would have been willing to own to. He was not a vain man; but a human craving for affection was his for all that. And 4B went out of its way to supply it.—'The poor, silly, deaf old bastard!'

4B was actually proud of Mr Beresford's deafness. It would be very hard to explain why—that is, to give any satisfactory explanation. Under cover of it they could say all manner of disgraceful things and he be totally unaware of them. Undoubtedly that was very funny. Perhaps there is a degree of cruelty in humour, in boys' humour most of all. Often nothing malicious in it, either. Just some twisted interest and distorted pleasure in difference and abnormality. The unfortunately fat boy is funny; and so is the long, thin streak of misery. The boy with no eyebrows, or with ears like bats' wings, or with a nose like a snout, or, again, with no nose to speak of—all these are extremely funny. With unerring precision nicknames are bestowed accordingly.

The boys of 4B liked Mr Beresford. Deep down somewhere was an appreciation of his so patient goodness, his absurd enthusiasm for the dry-as-dust classics of English Literature, his patience, his earnestness. They liked his tall, well-groomed figure and the well-preserved M.A. gown that he persisted in wearing right into an age that had no time for such flummery. They liked his dignity that was so in accord with the gown—and no less absurd. They liked his big clear face, so smooth and unwrinkled, with that almost unearthly goodness upon it that is only found on the countenance of celibacy. In short, there was much more of liking than illegitimacy in their crude, but unheard, announcement of his arrival.

And every morning, after greeting and response, it had always gone to the regular pattern: a long beaming look at the

boys. His boys. The dear young things who so soon—ah, dear me! all too soon—would be men in a wide, wild, rough, disillusioning world. In the full false light of common day. It was a saddening thought, a sobering reflection. And so the beaming look was tempered, as it were, by two brief, scarce audible sniffs. Such peculiar little sniffs—with no physical need for them. Sniffs that came from the very heart of sympathy and understanding. Sniffs that were followed by two peculiar little sounds that can nearest be rendered by kuk-kuk.

It was a solemn moment—that of the sniff-sniff. It was gracious relief—that of the kuk-kuk. Then followed the ceremony of enthronement on the brief classroom dais. Other men sat down; or flopped into a chair; or put a left foot on the chair and leaned on the knee to support an inclined body; or stood more or less upright and said, 'Now, give your full attention', or yanked down the top board to fill it with figures or history notes, or something, with the harsh command, 'Get this down!' But Mr Beresford did none of these things. He enthroned himself, and twenty-four pairs of eyes helped him do it, what time his own beamed all the brighter. But first there was an ever so little hitch of the shoulders so that there would be no tightening, no undue strain, put upon the long black gown. Then the pile of books, lovingly held by the left hand, and steadied by the right, would be placed at an exact and pre-ordained distance from the right edge of the table. Such a pile of books, too: the book of the moment and its immediate needs—Lamb's *Essays*. Then some Shakespeare . . . and an Izaak Walton, for purposes of reference . . . and Herrick's *Hesperides*, also for reference, and Long's *History of Literature*. And a few widely separated volumes—a bound copy of *Household Words*, maybe, and *Sir Roger de Coverley*, and *Tales from Chaucer*. Indeed, well worn books, but neat, as if Time had fingered them as carefully as Mr Beresford himself had done. The pile always amused the boys, for as often as not Mr Beresford did not open half of them during a lesson. More often but a quarter of them. Somehow, in a way not to be explained the boys could almost divine, at least the more discerning almost could, that Mr Beresford lived away up on the North Shore line with two maiden sisters who worshipped him. That his cottage was a smother in wistaria and honeysuckle and climbing roses, and bore withal as chaste appearance as his own and that of his unworldly sisters. That there was an English garden for gilly-flowers and hollyhocks, for oxlips and nodding violets, for wild thyme and rosemary and rue. And an Australian garden for boronia and all its relations, for epacris,

for mint bush, Geraldton wax and indigofera. That there was a yew tree—not cut into peacock or any such absurd shape—a holly bush, a flowering gum or two, and that most religious looking of all trees—the lemon scented gum, beneath whose half shade revelled some azaleas. A rockery, too, in the sun's full glare, filled with succulent and spiny things that few could rightly name. And, inside, behind the wide curtained windows were cool spacious rooms with books everywhere and pictures, and good taste and gracious living. . . . Well, perhaps no boy could quite see all these things, but they were there for sensitive deduction.

'This morning, boys, we shall have spread before us a grand feast—nothing less than *Old China*.'

'Holy Moses, and stone the bloody crows, what's the old bastard saying?'

That was Johnson in the back row, quite loud, and not to anyone in particular. Johnson was the class humorist, a cherubic looking youth with great unhidden powers of acting. Eagleson, in the next row, took it upon himself to answer what was really a rhetorical question: 'Aw, he's opening his Lamb—something about Old China. Or an old Chinaman.'

Johnson saw fit to seize on Lamb; in a bright conversational tone, 'Lamb, is it? Unmitigated bulsh from beginning to end.'

'Look out, he'll hear you,' warned Thimble, surnamed the Maggot as a compliment to his diminutive size, and not so reasonably on account of a large ingredient of low cunning in his make-up.

'Fiddlesticks!' replied Johnson in louder key—just to show, 'The poor old bastard's as deaf as a post, and getting more so every day.'

A thrill of real delight went through 4B. The dear fellows!

And so the lesson proceeded. It was more than a lesson—a zestful meandering by the pleasant river Lea (hence the presence of *Compleat Angler*); the excited homecoming with a print of Leonardo (hence *The Merchant of Venice*); the triumph of that dusty Beaumont and Fletcher (hence the *Long*); the wild scramble to the rough and ready top shelf of the theatre; the luxury of a dish of early peas—and on and on, from the quiet humour of Chinese mandarins and artists to the quieter pathos of youth turning into age, and the reflection that the days that are gone are indeed gone for ever. . . . Charles and his sister Mary (an explanation here of his persisting in calling her his cousin Bridget). . . . Time itself, more elusive than a half-forgotten dream, became a tangible and ponderable quantity, from the

tedious minutes and leaden hours to the fleeting years . . . and out came *Macbeth*, the Shakespeare's grand sadness over the inexorable passage of time and the unrelenting of fate: 'Time and the hour runs through the longest day'; 'Light thickens and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood'; 'Now spurs the lated traveller apace to gain the timely inn'. . . . On to 'the last syllable of recorded time'. . . .

He knew it all by heart, but he persisted in reading the quotations, or pretending to—such was his innate modesty—for the words belonged to a greater than he, no matter how much he had made them his own.

It was a grand piece of English teaching, deeply lasting, unforgettable. Dull would he have been of soul who was not touched by it. Duller still he who could not have guessed a little of that house and garden on the North Shore line—so clear and yet so vague—with the quaint old gentleman and his two absurdly ancient sisters. One or other of them, as like as not, speaking into a long, flexible tube—detached from the vacuum cleaner—what time the old gentleman had the other end glued to his ear.

The staff had for long been giving Mr Beresford good advice about his deafness. How foolish it was to put up with it when it was so easy to get rid of it. Had he seen a specialist now about it? Wax! That's what is was—hadn't he thought of having his ear syringed out? . . . Look at the Head—deaf as a politician to the mournful cries of the old age pensioners—and see what he had done about it? Simply installed upon himself one of those hearing aids. Neat, natty, little things, hardly showing at all, and wonderfully effective.

The staff, as well as 4B, derived amusement out of Mr Beresford's deafness. It said outrageous things and laughed and winked over their misinterpretation. It took sides over the gadgets put forth by rival firms. It persisted and persuaded. Even the Head came into it—rather broadly, and not too gently—intimating that a deaf teacher was for all intents and purposes more or less useless. That was from the practical and commonsense viewpoint.

No one, however strong or mulish, can stand out for ever against the reasoned and unanimous decision of his fellows. Came the day then that Mr Beresford entered a new world with all manner of strange roarings and cracklings in his head and the almost painful exaggerations of the human voice. It was a wonderful Aid and the distress of it showed on his troubled and bewildered face. But the staff cheered and congratulated,

and Mr Beresford forced a smile and said he would no doubt get used to it in time. Such a nifty little affair it was, too, a small pearl iridescent in his ear, an unobtrusive black cord, and a small battery hidden in a vest pocket.

He donned his M.A. gown, picked up his pile of books, and proceeded towards 4B.

What was wrong with those model boys? Such noise, such din coming from that sober room! Then he remembered his hearing-aid—his latest vanity. That was it, of course. His impulse was to pull the thing out of his ear—he was not modern enough to think of switching off the battery.

The long corridor itself was noisy enough, but the classrooms that led from it were all 'attended' by now. He had been unduly delayed this morning in the staff-room and he was the last therefore to reach his class. . . . Teachers teaching all along that corridor. How unlovely the human voice can be, unmuffled and over amplified. Trust him to recall some apt allusion—Gulliver and the Brobdinagian beauty, and how repulsive was the texture of her skin. Ugh! . . . How those teachers were roaring. As he passed by one of them bellowed 'Madagascar'. What an ugly word! Another, more gritting and grating, was declaiming, 'In the triangle XYZ. . . '

4B at last and its unwonted din. At the very threshold a remark, nay an exhortation, struck like a blow. One boy to another—and the sort of thing that one gentleman does not say to another. Nowadays there are so very few things that one gentleman cannot say to another—but this, apart from the syntactical crudity of its short verbs, and the very horror of its demand, was most certainly one of them. . . . No, no, he hadn't heard aright. The infernal Aid was lying grossly, carrying him into a new and awful world of imagination. . . .

And then, 'Look out, here comes the silly old bastard!' This was no imagining, but the solid impact of reality.

Twenty-four pairs of eyes watched him totter to his table. Twenty-four pairs of eyes, friendly and welcoming. That was the biggest illusion of all. For no god in his anger struck down the utterer of the words and all those who heard them unmoved.

The concerted smile of the twenty-four faded as Mr Beresford let fall his pile of books on the table, where they scattered in confusion. In a new wonder they watched Mr Beresford fall into his chair. Then, with a wrench and effort sit bolt upright. But there was no soothing salutation of 'Good morning, boys!' Instead there were two sniffs, not those little idiosyncratic ones, but loud and full of meaning. And the kuk-kuks followed,

not the perfunctory ones so much in keeping and character, but louder and full of sorrow edged with anger.

Then still life—a tableau that lasted the whole eternity of silent seconds. The silence beat upon the hearing aid more unbearably than any vast noise could do, nor was it broken by the sounds that drifted down the corridor. *They* were unheard, or unnoticed across the oceans of time and space. . . .

The silly old bastard! Himself! Silly—possibly. Old—undoubtedly. But—Bastard! And this was 4B! His boys! The dear fellows! . . . It couldn't be true. And yet it was true. And that dreadful exhortation that one gentleman does not make to another—that was true too. . . .

All silence is too awful to sustain. Broken it was now by a sniff-sniff and a kuk-kuk as loud and as fateful as the first sound that broke the Original Silence. Then a drumming of fingers on the table, more terrible that it was unconsciously done. More terrible than Despair hanging itself on a hook and tapping its heels on a wooden wall.

The drumming stopped. Again the sniff-sniff and a kuk-kuk. And the twenty-four, fascinated, saw two clear, bright tears roll slowly down the stricken face.

'Boys!' in a voice they had never heard before, so husky with emotion, so plumbing all the depths of sadness. 'Boys!' sniff-sniff, kuk-kuk. 'Boys, I would have you know,' sniff-sniff, 'that I'—kuk-kuk—'am as well born'—sniff-sniff—'as any one of you'—kuk-kuk.

Then, with a dignity born of an anger that only the angels feel, he gathered up his pile of books, swept his M.A. gown about him and marched out of the room.

But the silence in 4B remained, a pondering silence and a sense of unnamed guilt. Eyes turned to each other asking the question—'What was it? What happened?' Then Thimble—who but the 'Maggot' would have the ready wit to see the cause, and who so earthly as to voice it so—'Gawd—but didn't you see! He's got one of those bloody gadgets in his ear! He heard you, Johnson!'

Well, well. Fancy a man going on like that over a harmless remark! But 4B, as the full realization came, would have wept—if it hadn't been for the public unmanliness of doing so.

On his way to the staff room Mr Beresford suddenly wrenched something out of his ear and something out of his pocket and in a fury hurled them both out the window. But it was too late.

Brian James

THE HORSE: MAN'S BEST FIEND

E. O. Schlunke

THIS TITLE, a howler committed in my schooldays, became a source of considerable pride to me as my reflective powers developed, for it contains a truth which the evasive thinking and deliberate romanticizing of the folk of my parents' generation failed to recognize. Those were the days, when, at the parents' bidding we upped and recited *The Arab to his Horse*:

*Fear not the Sultan and his pampered horses
Prancing with their diamond-studded reins,
They my darling, shall not match thy fleetness
When they course with thee the desert plains.*

The fact that so many of the adulatory poems and stories were about Arabs' horses, was possibly because it gave a chance of evasion to the more honest. Horses as they knew them, were not like that; not capable of untying captives' bonds; or carrying wounded masters out of danger with their teeth.

Outside the drawing rooms I don't remember ever hearing anyone, in real sincerity, call a horse a 'darling': I do remember hearing them called a lot of things my mother wouldn't allow me to repeat. Horses I readily observed were a source of continual mental stress to their owners. If they were quiet, they exasperated their drivers by being so easily passed by other peoples' horses; if they were fast they were invariably flighty and uncontrollable. They got their legs over traces, frightened themselves into a panic, bolted, caused collisions, wrecked vehicles, injured people. They caused otherwise admirable men to lose their tempers, use the whip wildly and thus forgo the respect of wives, children and sweethearts.

Now, just try to get an honest view of the horse and to compare it with its supplanter the motor; let us try to imagine, say, Sydney's present traffic drawn by horses. Imagine, instead of the marvellously controllable motor vehicles which start and stop almost at the wish of the driver, which can be packed bumper to bumper the full width of a street and stop and start at one with the traffic lights; imagine, I say, this traffic jumble composed of hundreds of horses, each with its individual cranky, crazy or lazy temperament. The horse that stops at a touch of the rein, causing the next horse behind to bump

its nose, and possibly send it into furious reverse with unimaginable repercussions in the following traffic; the hard-mouthed one that has to be wrestled to a standstill, up on its hind legs pawing the air, and probably coming down with its forelegs on top of the vehicle in front: the one that couldn't be stopped at all, dashing madly across when the red light came on: the weaving bolter getting on to the wrong side of the street and running down the oncoming traffic. Chaos, chaos.

Returning to conditions as they actually were, and still are for that matter, in those places where grim necessity still obliges man to depend on the horse, we find that the relationship between man and horse is one of uneasy rule on the one hand and resentful submission on the other.

Man, being smaller and weaker, has to rule by fear, and to maintain that fear he has to resort to cruelty. This cruelty may not be always apparent to the casual observer, but the ritual of the horse-breaker ensures that the horse rarely forgets it. The horse is a big, craven hunk of meat which normally would not challenge established authority. But it is also the most senseless and nervous animal alive. The smallest element of the unusual will set up a panic; a panic so great that it over-rides the established fear of man by which it is controlled. It is, generally speaking, only then that it becomes a menace to man. The sight of a railway train; a piece of paper blowing along a road; a rabbit jumping out of the grass, and a so called well-trained, reliable horse will start a bolt which can end in the death of its rider, particularly if the rider is a child of limited strength.

Much of the adulation given to the horse undoubtedly arises from its snob value. This deplorable animal has been the centre of the acutest and the most objectionable snobbery evolved by the human mind. It probably originated in the days when the earl rode a horse and the churl panted along in his dust on foot. Even when the use of the horse became so commonplace that every owner couldn't possibly be a superior person, ways and means were evolved of gratifying the snob tradition associated with the horse. Thus the newly rich, the Jew, or whoever was socially out of favour, were alleged to be immediately distinguishable on account of their ungainly horsemanship.

The men and women of breeding (not being obliged to work for a living) were most elegant in the saddle. 'Horse and rider careered as one in a poetry of motion.' They rode fearlessly at the hunt, while the underbred funkied hedges and fell into ditches. The gentleman was, by instinct, a good horseman. You put a man on a horse and you could tell his quality. Never

was it mentioned how many years of sedulous training by low-born grooms and riding masters went to instil that poise.

Now that the horse is again a comparative rarity, its devotees are dragging in its snob value again. It has become the super-toy for the rich man's child, who is tired of everything else. People even move into outer suburbs so they can have enough land to run a pony; or buy a farmlet or weekend place where the animal can be kept. Then of course there are the clothes that go with owning a horse, the photographs that have to be taken in them; even the portraits painted. A special set of manners grow upon the horse-owning young as they grow up; traditions about this and that until we come full circle back to ladies and gentlemen who are naturally good horsemen.

Here and now, before someone rises to put me right, I will state that my observations compel me to admit that there are some people who, by nature, are good horsemen. On the fringes of every country town there are always one or two families who are wizards with any kind of animal from infancy onwards. Brought up among swarms of dogs, cats and other animals which share everything the family owns, they learn at an early age to understand them. Their parents are always of the type that don't care whether their offspring go to school or not; and after the truant inspector has rounded them up a few times, the pleas of the teachers prevail and the children are left to their own devices. They seem to gravitate naturally to sheep and cattle saleyards, where they spend hours looking through the railings at the animals, and the animals look back at them in much the same manner. Soon they are helping with the penning and drafting, and from that they graduate naturally to droving and *horses*. They can do anything with horses; they probably understand them because they think in the same manner. Occasionally they fly into fearful rages and kill a horse by beating it over the head with an iron bar, but in this they may be showing sound judgment too; there are some horses for whom this is the only sensible treatment.

Even the traditional horselover will admit that occasionally there occurs a 'rogue' horse. They try to soften the condemnation by using the term that suggests a rather likeable scoundrel. In fact, the rogue horse is a horse of exceptional intelligence and courage; a horse with the will to do what every horse would like to do if it wasn't a poltroon: defy and injure its rider.

My close association with a really virulent rogue horse was largely due to a younger brother who was a horse fanatic. Because of this enthusiasm of his, our place was always cluttered

up with surplus horses which had to be continually ridden to keep them handleable. The usual exercise run was to the post office, about five miles away, which was supposed to build up stamina, and afforded a chance to keep a check on performances. On one of these trips my brother came across a stray horse which put on such a spectacular show of speed when he tried to turn it that he beguiled it into our gate with the idea of trying it out.

It wasn't very difficult to catch it: it was very hungry. Its legitimate owner had turned it onto the roads because he didn't think it was 'worth its tucker'. The first time my brother rode it, he cut twenty minutes off our previous best time to the post office and back. He admitted the mare was rough; that it had a nasty habit of suddenly throwing its head up and breaking its stride; that a horsewise neighbour had warned him that it had an evil reputation. But my brother was delighted to have a horse capable of such a magnificent performance. He declared that all her faults, and her reputation for roguery, were really due to bad handling by bad-tempered and stupid owners. He was certain that he could train her to be a valuable animal.

Whatever gratitude the mare may have felt for being taken in and well fed, lasted for a very short time. She soon began to behave disgracefully; and with an awful hypocrisy one wouldn't imagine in an animal of limited intelligence, she tried to blame it onto us. Although she had a mouth as hard as iron when she was trying to bolt (which would average about four times each ride) she was always putting on an act, pretending that she had the tenderest mouth and that we were jerking and bullying her cruelly. This always happened when she was headed *away* from home. Just let us put the gentlest pressure on the reins to steady her, and she'd come to an instantaneous spine-jarring halt; at the same time throwing her head up and back so exaggeratedly that, if you happened to have been jerked forward by her sudden stop, you'd be likely to get a stunning blow in the face from the top of her head. Then she'd go into a maniacal devil's dance; skipping madly in tiny, jerky steps, forward, backward, sideways or just straight up and down. Loosen the reins and give her a kick in the ribs and she'd plunge forward, into a bolt in three strides; but just the most cautious, steady pressure on the reins and you'd have it all again; the back-breaking stop, the head upflung, the insane spot dance.

We found a way of defeating her at that game, by letting her have her head; just riding out the bolt; giving her the whip to show her we didn't care how fast she travelled. Not that she made

it easy; she'd give us the most abominable ride imaginable; changing her step every few strides; inventing the most outrageously rough gaits. I used to get such an agonizing stitch in the side that only my determination not to be defeated by such a monster prevented me from getting off and walking home. And just to show how truly black-hearted she was, if there was a tree about, with overhanging branches she'd do her damndest to run under it and sweep you off. You could get both hands onto one rein and pull her head so far round that her breath was fanning your knee, and she'd still go straight for that tree. It was astonishing what large branches you could carry away if you hit them with sufficient speed.

After she'd been ridden to a standstill about half a dozen times, she developed a refinement of her assassin's trick of trying to stun her rider. She'd reach her head out, down and forward almost to the ground trying to pull you out over her neck, going into a ludicrous, shambling gait at the same time. If you were cautious you'd pay out the reins, then recover your grip when she came back to normal. But on a long ride she'd do it so often that in the end you'd lose patience with pandering to this idiotic trick. You'd keep your grip when she put her head down. Then she'd show you how really tough her mouth was, and how strong her neck; brace yourself as firmly as you could in stirrup and knee pad, she'd still pull you down until you were almost on the point of diving over her shoulder: then, like the recoil of a rifle, back would come her head, and every time she'd hit you somewhere. If you saved your face, she'd get you on the shoulder and almost unseat you with the shock.

My brother got the oil from his horsewise friend about how to deal with that trick—you took a smallish hammer in your pocket and when she threw back her head you gave her a smart crack between the ears with it. It wasn't the sort of method he believed in, but since we'd tried everything else, and even *he* was beginning to think that his kindness was being wasted on her, he decided to try it.

When half an hour after he'd started out, the horse came back without him, I went to look for him by car. It is surprisingly difficult to get an unconscious man, even just a little over your own weight, into a car on your own, unless you treat him as impersonally as if he were a bag of wheat, a thing you are disinclined to do with your own brother. He was such a severe concussion case that he could never remember what happened to him. But from the horse's show prints, and other more dramatic marks on the ground, it was possible to reconstruct the accident

pretty accurately. The horse had started playing up badly; possibly she jarred him severely; enough anyhow to cause him to lose that fine grip on his judgment so desirable in handling horses. When she threw her head back he must have hit her pretty hard. She apparently went down like a pole-axed steer, threw him over her neck and rolled on him. When he came out of hospital he wanted to try it again with a lighter hammer, but he was too late: I'd let the knackers have her in the interests of preserving the family tree.

My brother was more easily reconciled to the loss than I expected. The war was on us then, and there wasn't time for playing around with horses. When he enlisted we got rid of most of them but I promised to look after a few for him, particularly one very valuable mare. She was the quietest, most tractable, best trained, smoothest gaited, best behaved animal imaginable. The only one of the dozens of horses I've known that I ever find myself recalling with a certain amount of affection. She was so quiet that you could stand in the saddle to fix a telephone line, or carry and shoot a gun off her back. Yet that mare went closer to killing me than any horse I've ever ridden. And it happened through that same basic weakness in the horse's mentality which makes even the best of them a menace to the safety of any rider, at any time and at any place. It is just a matter of how long the rider's luck holds before the combination of circumstances brings him face to face with the danger point.

It was a wet day and I was wearing a rustling raincoat, a thing to which she objected though she should have been used to it. A biggish lamb in a flock I was moving refused to walk, so I threw it over the front of the saddle. Then as I was mounting, one foot in the stirrup and swinging up, the lamb gave a convulsive wriggle and fell on top of me. At that extremely awkward and precarious moment, as is always the case with horses, her fear of the unusual, the extraordinary, set up a panic which overcame all her training and her years of habit. She gave a violent sideways leap and the next thing I knew I was being dragged along the ground by the stirrup which had locked on my boot.

It is a rare thing for a man to survive being dragged by a panic-stricken horse. No matter how he tries to protect his head it will, sooner or later, strike against a stump or fence post; or his body be pounded by the flying hooves until he arrives at the homestead a hideously battered corpse.

But the mare was not in a complete panic; she was trotting only, and arching her body round so that I didn't come under

her hooves. Then commenced a two hours ordeal: an attempt on my part to reassert my mastery for just the half minute necessary to either wriggle my foot out of the stirrup, or grab the reins, which were trailing a mere few feet beyond my reach. I commanded her firmly to stop; but as soon as I made a grab (a too hasty grab in my excitement) for the reins, she was off again and faster.

She refused to stop when I commanded her again, so I cajoled her. I tried all the soothing words and sounds I'd ever used on her; sometimes I'd get her down to a walking pace; sometimes she'd nearly stop; but just let me make a move to capture the reins and she'd be off again, even breaking into a gallop. It went on for an eternity and all the time I was becoming more and more exhausted. All the time I was approaching and receding from the point of mastery; all the time the horse, neither quite in a panic nor yet controllable; no need to fear me, because I had never ill-treated her; not wanting I am sure, to injure me; yet not having that tiny bit of elemental sense required to make her stop. She was as evenly balanced on the edge of panic as I was on the edge of despair. Had I for one moment lost my self-control and cursed her, or lost my strength and ceased cajoling her, it would have been the end of me. But at last, just when I couldn't have kept it up much longer, the trailing rein caught on the splintered end of a log. At that familiar, firm pressure the horse stopped and stood perfectly quiet while I secured the rein and extricated my foot. When I had recovered sufficiently to mount her, she acted as though nothing unusual had happened.

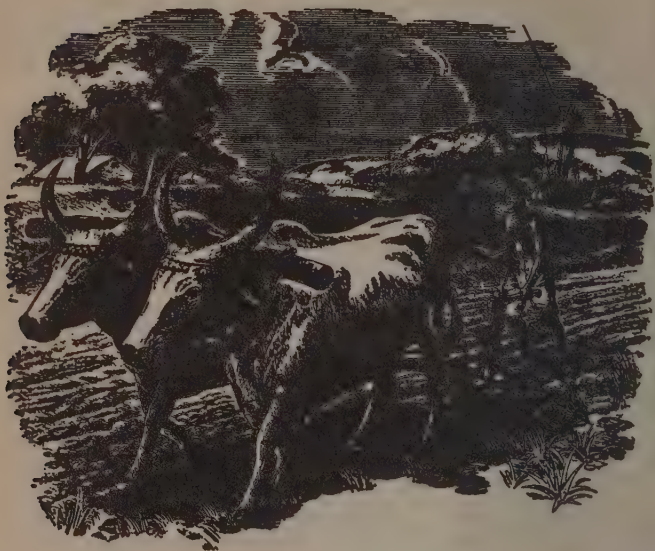
And yet those stories of untying the captives' knots or carrying wounded masters to safety by their teeth!

The only horse we have on the place now is a pony for my boys. But they rarely ride it: they much prefer to drive the farm truck, the tractor, or (when they are permitted) the car. I must say that I commend their sense and judgment.

My younger brother writes me long letters now and then, about his grazing property at Glen Innes, but never says a word about owning any horses. Neither can I ever see any on the photographs he sends me of his riotous pastures. I imagine that, having survived amphibious campaigns in the Pacific Islands, he realizes that horses are the greatest danger a man is likely to encounter in a lifetime; and that the sensible thing for a man with a family to do, is to do without them.

E. O. Schlunke

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CASTE AND POLITICS

E. G. Docker

A RECENT exhibition of modern paintings at Mysore in Southern India displayed one picture in which Brahmin priests in saffron robes are depicted angrily shooing away a ragged group of supplicants from the entrance to some sacred Hindu shrine. The supplicants judging by the filthy rags hung about their shoulders, their air of dirt and dejection, are Untouchables, whose presence in the precincts of the temple would be defiling. In the background, a couple of sacred Brahmin cows have their heads in the pails of milk with which the temple gods are daily washed. The beggars are clearly starving, but the picture is not a satire upon the cruelty or absurdity of the caste system—it is one of conventional piety. The mere presence of the Outcasts is polluting, and the cow which is supposed to be symbolic of the docile temper of Hinduism, must of course remain undisturbed. The exhibit was commended for its orthodoxy, and is significant of the strength of caste in modern India.

Traditionally Hindu society is divided into four castes—Brahmins or priests, Chatriyas or warriors, Vaisyas or merchants, Sudras or cultivators, with a fifth order of Outcastes or Untouchables. It is simpler and more accurate to think of caste as an extended family group, all the members of which are related, however distantly, to one another, and which is more or less endogenous. Caste is therefore completely exclusive. Thus a Brahmin, no matter what particular Brahmin caste he is born into in different parts of the country, or whatever his occupation or financial means, is recognized as belonging to the foremost order of society, because he is indisputedly descended by birth from Brahmins who originally in the primitive society performed the sacred duties of high priest. In the ancient villages where life goes on unchanging, special areas have always been reserved for Brahmins, and even in the modern cities the different castes live apart in separate suburbs. In the community of the Army a Brahmin officer has a social status unattainable by say a Mahratta of higher rank.

Brahmins may be rich or poor, prominent statesmen or humble peasants but in practice, although they constitute only about two per cent of the population, they tend to monopolize positions of power and responsibility, perhaps because of inherited capacity, more definitely because they took

advantage of their position in the social hierarchy to hedge themselves with all kinds of privileges and legal exemptions. Thus in Hindu custom no Brahmin, whatever his offence, could be put to death or receive corporal punishment.

It is more in connection with the rules of everyday life, however, that the Brahmin is most distinct. The rules are designed to prevent him from becoming unclean, whether spiritually or physically. He cannot eat meat; take food prepared by non-Brahmins, or be approached within thirty feet by an Untouchable, who must give warning of his noisome approach.

The other castes have not retained their original identity to the same extent. As society became more diversified, certain castes, because of racial or family characteristics, became associated with certain hereditary occupations. Rajputs and Sikhs (not strictly Hindus) were recognized as martial castes by the British and formed the bulk of the Indian Army. Sens, the hereditary doctors of Bengal, gravitated naturally to Western medicine; in Bombay State, the Mahrattas have always been associated with large-scale farming. Caste, however, no longer condemns a man to an hereditary occupation. The British, for instance, introduced a number of new trades and professions for which all castes could compete. The present Chief Minister of Madras comes from a caste which follows the despised profession of toddy-tipping—toddy is the fermented juice of the coconut—and one of the Fathers of the Constitution was an Untouchable, who arose through the public service.

No longer is there an accepted hierarchy amongst these castes, except that the Untouchable, now known as the *Harijan*, is firmly at the bottom. They represent twenty-seven per cent of the population. Most of them live lives of inescapable poverty. There are castes of washermen (*dhobis*); of barbers; of boot-makers; of snake charmers; there are castes which live by prostituting their women, and criminal castes where men are born to live by thieving and robbing. To the European a familiar figure is the sweeper destined to spend a life-time on his haunches, sweeping, cleaning and collecting excrement. In the village where all are desperately poor, the *Harijan* is usually a landless labourer living a little apart from the caste Hindu, doing what in effect is the dirty work of the village. He may not drink out of the same well, even when his own is dry.

All educated Indians agree that the caste system is an anachronism, a barrier to progress, and in many respects thoroughly objectionable. Caste distinctions are supposed to be melting away before the onset of modern democracy. The

Constitution says that no State shall discriminate against any citizen on grounds of caste and forbids the practice of untouchability. Societies have been formed by high-caste Hindus to break down caste feeling by inter-marriage and free social intercourse between castes.

Caste, however, is like the weather. Everybody talks about it, but nobody does anything about it, as Mark Twain once said. Love of caste and force of custom is very strong in India and it is not greatly affected by legislation, *Harijan* Uplift Societies or even the liberal education of university life. It is true that cities with their factories, trams and buses have helped to make people forget feelings of caste, but Hindus who eat in city restaurants unmindful of who prepared the food will not necessarily abandon food taboos in their own homes. From time to time certain castes have tried to escape from the caste system by becoming Christian or Buddhist. But the brand of caste is ineradicable. Their caste was still recognized in the Hindu society in which they lived, and Christian missionaries were obliged to make official recognition of caste amongst their converts. Lower-caste Christians fight strongly against the conversion of higher castes, whom they fear might control their congregations. Communism, similarly, does not openly attack the caste system.

In theory, the caste system should be dying out. Investigation, on the other hand, shows that it is still remarkably strong. The enforcing of a foreign ruling class on the social structure of India had the effect of encouraging ambitious castes to improve their social status: *sabhas*, or societies, sprang up to press the claims of rival castes, flattering to deceive. Caste journals were founded to foster a spirit of caste solidarity. In business some firms deliberately restricted the issue of shares to members of one caste. Officers would recruit staff only from their own caste followers. Each caste made itself responsible for the education and welfare of its own members.

The castes in fact were becoming almost self-contained communities. While the Congress Party of Independence was gaining sweeping victories on the national front, on the domestic front, the different castes were quietly entrenching themselves in preparation for the day of Independence. It was therefore hardly surprising that in the period of emotional release which followed the assassination of Gandhi, organized looting and incendiarism were directed mainly against the Brahmins.

It was inevitable too that this growth of caste-consciousness and particularly of anti-Brahminism should be reflected in the

politics of this period. In many parts of India, but especially in Madras and Bombay, the lower castes united to oust the Brahmin from his position in the Congress Party. Consequently Brahmins in these States, although they continue to dominate the public service and the business world, have withdrawn from politics altogether. The Chief Minister of Madras is a non-Brahmin who cannot speak English, a circumstance that would have been inconceivable twenty-five years ago. In Bombay, the anti-Brahmin Government has set itself to harass the business interests in every possible way.

In 1936 an Indian statesman, the Maharaja of Kohalpur, predicted that, 'If castes remain as they are, Home Rule will result in nothing more than a kind of oligarchy.' This is certainly true of the South at the moment. The Congress politicians of the twenties and thirties taught a lesson that has been eagerly learnt by their opponents today. All the parties of opposition, whether they are advocating a separate South, a separate State of Madras, a separate nation of Tamils (including the Tamils of Ceylon), seek to win favour by denouncing the Brahmin. The basically incompatible interests of artisans and mill workers, of tenant farmers and landlords, have been temporarily merged in hatred of the Brahmin, and it seems highly probable from the behaviour of the Madras Government that the tactics of the Congress Party there have been to encourage anti-Brahmin agitation as discreetly as possible in order to distract attention from their own failings.

Last September in the Ramnathupuram district of Madras State, a by-election campaign was conducted along the familiar lines of one caste against the other. The caste feeling thus aroused by the rival platforms grew so violent that upon the declaration of the poll, the defeated party found itself in charge, but not in control of a riot in which more than forty people were killed. As long as the voter in India feels that he belongs to a caste rather than to a country, he will get the kind of Government that he deserves, and politics will continue to be vitiated by selfish considerations of caste and sect.

It is this sense of belonging which is the test, for caste and democracy are irreconcilable. The spread of equalitarian doctrine only makes the Untouchable dissatisfied with his lot; alternatively, social welfare schemes to assist him to rise only provoke violent antagonism from his rival, the Caste Hindu. In the village he drinks from a separate well but in the city he drinks from a separate tap.

E. G. Docker

LOOKING AFTER THE DETAILS

IN THE CAMPAIGN FOR INDUSTRIAL DESIGN

Anthony K. Russell

ALMOST every day of our working lives we become involved in a shopping activity of some kind or another. Going shopping, like cooking and catching buses, has become a habit, and like any habit the sense of deliberateness or selectivity has worn off. Now and again a shopping task takes on an air of urgency, becomes for a few hours something special: that present for a special person or for a special event such as Christmas. A sudden wealth, a sudden craving to indulge in an extravagance, serve for a moment to create an awareness of the problems of making a right judgment. It is on these occasions that we do pause awhile: our eyes cease their flickering appraisal of the mass of merchandise and we see.

We see goods of every description piled high in the windows of the shops and we are suddenly faced with the often alarming fact that almost every one of those articles has been designed by someone and designed quite deliberately for what has been taken for granted, our consumer demands. Further observation might also reveal just how much ugliness we take for granted, as if it were unavoidable. This applies in particular to the more prosaic articles which help make up our modern environment. It is true that much excellent work has been done in the field of consumer products which fall into the higher price brackets such as radios, refrigerators and furnishings. The industrial designer has at last made his way into this important field and this is all to the good, for much of the current interest in design relates directly to the idea of design in everyday living and the focal point of such an idea is the home.

Recently, and not before its time, a group of Australian industrial artists, together with more enlightened members of the commercial and industrial world, made the first move towards establishing an informed and authoritative organization aimed at raising general standards of design in the community. Like many similar organizations which have been in existence for some few decades in other Western countries the group intends to make education of the consumer public one of its most important tasks. This is of course the most vital part of any programme which is confronted with the task of breaking

down traditions, for it is tradition which has proved to be the stumbling block in any attempt to influence public taste or consumer resistance. This idea, which amounts to seeing that the public gets what it wants, rather than what it deserves, will have to be very thoroughly managed if lasting success is to be achieved. Previous efforts in other countries indicate that success may first come in those fields which specialize in the higher priced commodities. For various reasons, it is easier to embark upon design research programmes and to pay attention to high standards in areas where the public expects to pay more than shall we say, a week's salary, for the commodity.

This is where we shall expect to find the first indications of real progress. Eventually, through the rationalization of production and marketing techniques, we should expect to see good design from the aesthetic standpoint, and good value from the economic and utilitarian viewpoint becoming synonymous. The smaller, cheaper and less romantic details of our everyday environment demand the same thorough investigation.

It is in our city streets, our suburban housing areas and in our countryside that we find ugliness tolerated to an astonishing degree. Even when the average home reflects the effects of such a desirable programme, the neglect of the detail in the general environment will serve only to detract from the rest. This points rather vividly to the fact that modern man tends to be 'object minded' rather than 'relation minded', in matters involving visual discrimination. No matter how much a man or woman may absorb from the interior design consultant when planning home furnishing from the point of view of harmony, balance, and a sense of fitness, he or she is more than likely to be unaware of the same factors in the general make-up of the community. The Australian, no less than the Englishman, is prone to overlook the thoughtless development of his environment once he has passed out of his own home.

Obviously the responsibilities for fulfilling such a complete re-evaluation of general design in the community cannot be passed on to the designer and his employer alone. Let us examine one or two aspects of detailing which are so often left out of the best laid plans. Let us return to the man or woman about to set out on that special shopping expedition.

His or her destination is probably more or less determined by whether he is out to enjoy this expedition or it is prompted by a sense of urgency. In the first place a newspaper advertisement or a radio announcement may account for a somewhat purposeful stride. In the second case, the fear of impending

domestic disaster may account for a somewhat frantic and erratic progress through the maze of shops, stores and arcades. Certainly our shopper is finding much real use for his eyes. He must seek out and identify his shop, his commodity, and above all, he must convince himself that he is making a selective judgment. Somewhere the identification of the product is tied to a name and more particularly something of the name style in terms of design is recalled. This style however good or bad it may be in terms of design has already built up a case for the purchaser.

It is most likely that our shopper has already been affected by one of the most common and at the same time most neglected of our every-day visual experiences, the printed word. As he scurried through the busy streets he has been searching for the letters which identify the store he wants, and once in that store he looks for guidance to the directional signs which will take him towards the object he is seeking. Having tracked his object down he finds a score of similar objects all clamouring for his attention, and in all of this, perhaps for the first time in years, he suddenly finds that one printed word assumes a real identity. In other words, regardless of the quality of the goods, its name and the look of that name takes on an importance. To what extent those printed words of identification measure up to the product itself may well determine our shopper's final choice. We are at grips with a fundamental factor in marketing which is the identification of name and presentation in relation to the article. Many well designed products fail to outsell others inferior because of a lack of attention to detail such as this.

The printed word, that hard worked but so vital ingredient of all communication in our modern world has never been more neglected. Despite technological advances and the sensitive contributions of some of our finest artist craftsmen, the community as a whole lacks the most elementary appreciation of the basic design qualities to be found in any good lettering. The selection of style in lettering for whatever purpose requires skill and a sensitivity towards visual patterns of the highest order. When we talk of a well-designed house we surely mean that each part is properly related to the whole and is harmonious. We mean that the smallest detail has been taken good care of, but of the printed page, letters in any form, we seem to show no understanding, no appreciation whatsoever.

It seems as if the printed word, together with fine handwriting, has gone the way of most of the fine crafts in this world of mass production. In the same way that other crafts have

suffered in the hands of inartistic and insensitive industrialists, so printing has become flat and ugly, and as if to add insult to injury, the printed page in all its black ugliness is produced not once, but a million million times. We would be foolish to blame the machine age for this state of affairs. William Morris made many bitter attacks on the machine in his own time and in spite of the wonderful work of this old craftsman his condemnation of the machine was as unrealistic then as it is now. A machine can only produce what it is set to produce by its masters. The tragedy of our times is, that in giving the machine poor patterns from which to work, we suffer the poor product not once but many thousands of times. This is so much more true of those little, low priced articles and all of those things we accept without much thought or interest.

The printed word affects such a wide variety of related arts that the neglect of the subject in any plans which may be laid for improving design standards is likely to further the present acceptance of general poor standards in all lettering. The sign-writer can do little more than emulate the typographic styles that so often shriek at him from the daily press. Partly digested, these typographic models reappear, giant size, in the form of shop signs, in those giant hoardings and in those neon signals that have become so much a part of our landscape, both urban and rural. Street names, traffic signs, route destination signs on public transport, registration plates and a thousand other important things for which lettering is necessary cry out pitifully for better standards.

Commerce has much to gain from any improvements which may be made in this field. As we have noted, high quality goods demand the same high standard in packaging, display and in advertising. The largest and the smallest company cannot afford to use shoddy letterheads and stationery. It must be remembered that in any interchange of ideas, in any form of trading or in diplomatic exchange the printed word precedes the product. Australia as a nation must realize that first impressions were never more important in the now grimly contested world markets and in the world of diplomatic and cultural activities. The problem becomes a responsibility not only of the commercial world but of the Commonwealth and State government authorities. Official publications which singly outweigh any other form of printed communication have a bad name for indulging in inscrutable jargon and this combined with indifferent printing makes for a very bad showing especially to other nations.

Good design in every detail is good business as more advanced industrial nations have learned. Apart from the obvious value that good design may have to the commercial interests it may become an important social factor in the lives of the people. Intelligent planning from the aesthetic viewpoint has led very often to an improvement in safety standards in the community. An examination of the evolution of industrial and domestic appliances would reveal many such examples. Once tradition in machinery design had given the artist-designer an interest in the shaping of the product many unsightly and dangerous working parts were modified or protected although the reason for so doing was out of consideration of appearance. The lathe, the industrial engine and electrical tools are good examples of this. The ultimate judgment of efficiency has in many instances become synonymous with the concept of beauty. In its broadest sense, then, good design becomes an objective dedicated to further human welfare and is as much a civic responsibility as it is a commercial one.

The educational nature of the task is thus to be seen as one of the most important considerations. There is no better place to begin it than in our schools and there is no better time to begin it than now. The children of today are the consumers of tomorrow and their training ground for the community, the school, should reflect in every way, the very best standards of design. Australia can boast some of the finest modern schools in the world thanks to the intelligent co-operation of architects and educationists. Children often work in the most ideal conditions; they work in airy, hygienic rooms which are often attractively coloured. Attention has been given to seating from the point of view of posture as well as appearance and research has been applied to better blackboards, better lighting and better toilet facilities.

This is all very good for our young people. Very early in their lives they are being exposed to good influences in matters of taste and I think that some of the consciousness in matters of dress that our young people exhibit today has a great deal to do with this subtle exposure. As a teacher I have noticed how much better student attitudes become when they have been moved from the old, dingy schools into the attractive surroundings of the new school. These attitudes are reflected in terms of civic pride, in higher standards of scholastic and artistic achievement. The sight of young students polishing their own desks and taking part in the selection of curtains, in laying out school gardens comes as a breath of fresh air.

In all of this however, there exists some contradictions. Too often, detail is overlooked, and we come back once again to the consideration that must be given to all of the components which make up the daily scene. In these very schools amidst all of this intelligent and sensitive planning nobody seems to have thought about designing beautiful text-books. For some reason or other it seems that the popular notion of a text-book is that it should be grim and stuffy. Poor paper, poor typography, choice, poor illustrations and ugly covers; none of these is likely to provide much incentive for our young people to read and study. It is not just a question of beautiful design, for questions of efficiency are involved. Fine writing demands fine printing and book design and these questions are being overlooked in such a way as to do great harm to all of the other fine achievements. Bad lettering in any form is tantamount to insult, and however much we adults are prepared to put up with it we owe it to our children to see that they get the best.

We owe it to our writers and poets and this is important for Australia as a cultural force in the modern world. It is little wonder that the comic and cheap novel command so much attention; they are so much more attractive to look at. If we can educate our governments as well as our industrialists we may go a long way towards achieving those high standards of design which are lacking. When at last the public gives voice to their demand for better design it is to be hoped that the authorities take heed. The artist-designer must be given a place on the teams of experts who will play such a large part in Australian social, economic and cultural development. In the same way the artist must be prepared to take more notice of the real needs of the community and this means that any educational programme must also include the training of the artist in order that he may play an honoured and realistic role in future developments. There are many urgent problems facing civic authorities in matters where the advice and co-operation of skilled artists would prove of great value. There are many such artists ready and willing to serve the community but they must be given the consideration and the remuneration to which other experts are accustomed. It is to be hoped that the small band of enthusiasts who are facing up to the problem in Australia will fight for the artist himself when they face up to the huge task of convincing the world of commerce and civic authorities of the urgency of the task. Above all let us hope that in the future the little things, the details, are not left to look after themselves.

Anthony K. Russell



Contempt for Mediocrity!

t had been a dreary morning's play at the Sydney

Cricket Ground, and the after lunch session was developing no better.

The Hill, sweltering under a blazing sun, had spoken its mind, and relaxed into a stupor.

Both bowlers were trying hard to be fast, without quite making the grade. Neither batsmen was even shaking the bat at balls passing well outside the off-stump, and thrown up short of a length.

From the Members' stand end a bowler was operating on a 30 yard run-up that was the most impressive part of his performance. The distance was covered in something near even time, then from a flurry of arms and legs the ball emerged at not more than medium pace, to be taken by the wicket keeper somewhere in the vicinity of first slip. Finally, in the deathly hush of boredom, the Hill gave its final judgement. A voice that carried to all

parts of the ground spoke as the bowler delivered and followed through:

"Blimey, mate, if you kept on running you'd pass it!"

With that scathing comment the tension broke. Exaggerated, may be, but completely typical of the Australian contempt for mediocrity, and the capacity to voice that contempt briefly, and to the point.

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REVIEWS

K. SLESSOR, JOHN THOMPSON and R. G. HOWARTH (editors):

The Penguin Book of Australian Verse
Penguin Books, Sydney. 5s. 6d.

In recent years, Penguin Books have produced modest selections of French, German, American and Spanish verses; just over four years ago, an Australian anthology was mooted, and placed in the editorial hands of Kenneth Slessor, John Thompson and R. G. Howarth; and now, after a vexing delay, it has appeared, with great success.

Because the book is cheap and portable, and neatly printed, it is likely to be the standard anthology for years to come. No one could claim for it that it is comprehensive, or even academically sound; the purpose in compiling it was to provide something readily available to the average mind and pocket; the level throughout is safe and respectable, there are no heights and no shallows. It is a collection for the intelligent man in the street; it has served its makers' intention.

And the editors were perfectly chosen: each is known to have a paternal eye fixed firmly on the younger generation of poets; each too is admirably placed by age and experience: Mr Slessor by his long journalistic career and lack of involvement with the cliques; Mr Thompson by his excellent work in Australian radio; Professor Howarth by his academic interests. The fact that only one of the three has written poetry of substance, and that the others seem rather too heavily represented, is probably neither here nor there.

Some will cavil at the omissions; it is a fashionable practice to review an anthology in the form of a prescription for another one of your own devising. I am sorry that Nancy Keessing is not here; perhaps Mr Thompson, who has expressed a disregard for her work in print,

saw to that. Harold Stewart, the rumour goes, dropped himself out by insisting on the inclusion of an entire mythical sequence. Randolph Stow, since 1955 relentlessly prolific, had not begun putting out verse at the time the book went to press.

The time-lag has, unfortunately, caused the publication of mere juvenilia by young poets who have now passed their adolescence, and it looks as though some poems written close to the first editorial discussions were too hastily included because they happened to be bang up to date. How Miss Cato's poems got in, especially the one about a tram, which contains the tritest symbolism in the book, or those by Joyce Shewcroft, or that by Donovan Clarke, I cannot guess.

The reason for the inclusion of other indifferent stuff is easier to see: no one could be worried by, or feel obliged to sweat over, the verses by Ronald McCuaig, Shaw Neilson, Ray Mathew and Hugh McCrae: amiable, nice, but too easy on the eye and spirit to matter at all.

Even poets who are often troublesome, who polish the mind like sandpaper or worry a meaning out rather than expand the description of a landscape into a moral quip—even these are represented at their refined nicest. It is true that A. D. Hope gets a fair innings (with the self-conscious 'Australia' fatuously heading the list) but Rosemary Dobson's coolly cerebral 'Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian' and 'Azay-le-Rideau' have been dropped in favour of her quick, pointed, queue-chat femininities; and only Douglas Stewart's superb allegory of dying, 'The Silkworms', lets us know that he can think as sombrely and with as much passion as Slessor or McAuley at their best.

And all these exclusions and inclusions lead one to the nasty feeling that what is really wrong

with this anthology is that it is so unexceptionable. It is too safe by half. The safety, and the softness, spring from an attitude crystallized in Professor Howarth's introduction, an attitude unfortunately prevalent in Australia. Here is an anti-intellectual sneer, disguised in 'detached criticism', that sums it all up in one horrible chestnut: 'Since the war, a cluster of intellectuals, led by A. D. Hope and James McAuley, have become prominent. Formal, traditionalist and rightist, leaning to satire, these have gained through certain critical assumptions an ascendancy that tends to restrain individualism and experiment.'

Amid the preface's profusion of bad puns and complacent clichés, this grotesque statement stands out like a sore thumb. We know he means by assumptions, presumptions; by cluster, flea-swarm. And what he means all through, and his fellow-editors have discreetly let him mean, is that this book, this little book at least, would not be marred by 'classicism' or 'academism'—those bogies of the popularist of poetry; that he would rather see in it, and has put in it, poems inspired by the touching belief that a sparkling thought or two, a knowledge of prosody and a degree of stylistic know-how are enough to fix a poem in eternity.

By encouraging these amateur dainties, along with many grave and thoughtful poems, the editors have tended to lower the general temperature of the book as well as please those who seek *only* pleasure from verse. They have satisfied all who believe that the writing of rhymes is somehow gentle and good, like making raffia mats or peddling silver lozenges for the incapacitated. Though professionally they have done their duty to Penguins and Australia, they have sometimes forgotten the poetry: it is a negative, important fault.

Charles Higham

BRIAN ELLIOTT:

Marcus Clarke

Clarendon Press, Oxford. 55s. 6d.

Though it has been commonly held that novelist Marcus Clarke never became Australian at heart, he certainly was super-Australian in that art of leg-pulling which the aborigines practised from the first and which nineteenth century Australian-born whites brought almost to perfection. Thus about 1873, he concocted a story about a certain Melbourne sect whom he termed 'The Carmelites' and who, meeting in Lonsdale Street, concluded each meeting in the dark with sexual orgies. Later he capped this sheer fabrication with the news that the sect had murdered an old lady to become possessed of her money. 'On her body being exhumed,' he concluded, 'a knitting needle was found embedded in her heart.' These things the world's press at first took at their face value, and a little later the items were referred to by an English religious publication as arguments in support of a certain Mr Newdigate's Bill, then before the House of Commons, whose purpose was to provide for a regular State inspection of convents.

Clarke, it would seem, got a great kick out of hoaxes like that for which he had a genius, but unfortunately for a biographer when he played Boswell to his own Johnson over considerable stretches of his early life both in England and in Victoria, his imaginative use of the truth makes what he wrote (the only source now available for any biography) as dubiously dependable almost as the Carmelite tale. Worse still, for his short stories he used his imagination upon the whole experience of his past, and so when Brian Elliott uses these short stories to guide him over early years, no one can say how much error is involved in the resulting account. This our biographer freely confesses, and he warns repeatedly of the

hazards being run. In an exuberance of high spirits, Clarke lived legends and, before his death at the early age of thirty-six, created others just as real in subsequent acceptance.

Apart from autobiographical hints, etc, chief sources for present work are Cyril Hopkins's *Biographical Notice of the Life and Work of Marcus Clarke*, Mackinnon's *Memorial Volume* of 1884, and a bundle of love-letters Clarke intended to incorporate into his novel, *Felix and Felicitas*.

Cyril, the brother of Gerard Mackinnon who was also a close friend, was Clarke's closest school-days' friend, and something of the risks run by using Clarke's short stories as sources of fact is indicated by G.M.H.'s appearance in two of these, once as a famous painter whose 'Death of Alcibiades' was the talk of the year and who, married, had three children!

Mackinnon was not, it would seem, critical enough of legends, while it is not altogether clear how the love-letters fitted into Clarke's life. Addressed to his sister-in-law and from her presumably, they are certainly striking and unusual, but they stand apart in the book, un-integrated, in a chapter of their own. They seem novelistic, as though designed for the use Clarke purposed eventually to make of them. Even so, life is like that, making most incredible the very things that have happened.

The portrait drawn in this book is, on the whole, of an attractive personality, even if Clarke was too improvident, and too little devoted to his wife and family. Debt he allowed to get him down towards the end, and sickness made him bitter against a few, but on the whole he must have been 'the life of the party' in Melbourne for a decade (1870-1880).

That he once wrote unguardedly of our birds being without song and our flowers without scent, ought not to be held so much against him

since obviously he was 'a patriot lover of his young adopted home' who 'welcomed with interest the first drawings of an Australian literature . . . racy products redolent of the soil'. Besides, his own best work, the novel *For the Term of His Natural Life*, remains a signal accomplishment in that literature—a novel wherein he rose above himself.

Mr Elliott's account has a commendable amplitude and an engaging breadth of sympathy. The research done seems exhaustive, the result is admirable.

The time sequence is puzzling in parts, and should have been more clearly indicated or conjectured. Wife and family ought to figure more, and there should be some indication of what, say, £800 per annum in those days would mean in modern currency.

To me the general result is not so much 'the portrait of an age' (p. 11) as a personal portrait, however much this too gives (for reasons that the biographer stresses) the sweeping and broad effects of a novel. Possibly Clarke's life as we can know it would better make a novel pure and simple—a novel into which the love-letters could be incorporated without any of those critical qualms which Mr Elliott exhibits: to his credit.

Martin Haley

COLIN CLARK:

Australia's Hopes and Fears
Hollis & Carter. London. 44s. 9d.

This is on the whole a very disappointing book. It is hastily and negligently written apparently from personal recollections and experiences which the author obviously accumulated during his long period of service with Australian governments. The book is badly planned, and chapter headings often belie their contents. Little or no attempt has been made to provide reliable documentation for most of the events and political decisions which the

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author describes and to which he attaches great importance. And the self-complacency and confident self-righteousness with which he heaps moral disapproval upon personalities and institutions alike, often by means of innuendoes and unproven insinuations, will make it impossible for his readers to evaluate his moral judgments, except as the outcome of personal animus and special pleading.

In all fairness it should be admitted that the book does contain some useful material, especially as an introduction to Australia's historical, demographic and agricultural background. But here again the absence of documentation and the author's prejudices detract considerably from the value of this section.

As a fervent Catholic, the author is naturally enough concerned with Communist influence in Australian politics and cultural life. But the inordinate attention he devotes to this question and the extent to which institutions and people are judged by their real or alleged attitudes towards Communism indicates a somewhat lopsided view of the importance of Communism in Australian politics. It is not surprising, for instance, that Mr Clark should have been unable to resist the temptation to describe the ALP as a Communist-controlled organization, although the evidence he presents without documentation is unconvincing. Both Curtin and Chifley are erroneously described as 'sincere Catholics' who applied their Catholicism to politics 'erratically'. Thus they 'condoned' Communism in general and favoured Communist union leaders in the trade union wing of the party. Although, according to Mr Clark's analysis, Labor's defeat in 1949 was caused mainly by the loss of Catholic votes owing to the Party's ingratitude for having been saved by the Industrial Groups from becoming Communist-dominated, he fails to account convincingly for

Mr Calwell's opposition to the activities of the Industrial Groups, especially as Mr Calwell is described correctly as a sincere practising Catholic. Instead of investigating the involved relationship between the trade unions and the ALP, a matter of decisive importance before the activities of the top leadership of the ALP can be judged properly, Mr Calwell's opposition to the Industrial Groups is due to his failure 'to see the necessity for driving Communism out of positions of influence in the Trade Unions'. Like this reviewer, one need not be an unqualified admirer of Dr Evatt's activities as leader of the ALP to defend him against the innuendoes and distorted interpretations of many of his actions advanced by Mr Clark.

University teachers in this country will be surprised to learn that they are all 'fanatical unificationists' who peddle the ideas and theories of the late Professor Laski who is 'already forgotten in England'.

The author makes some useful points about the implications of Australian protection, the inefficiency of Australian management in industry, and the periodical crises in our balance of payments. Opposing further development in industry he argues strongly in favour of increased agricultural production. But the recent fall in world market prices for butter, wheat and wool shows the risks of such a policy. Furthermore he underrates Australia's growing importance, both political and economic, as a supplier of industrial equipment to the developing nations of Asia. Although critical of Australian industry, he fails to criticize it where it really matters: the haphazard way in which investments are made in whatever line of production appears to be profitable at the moment. But perhaps he feared that in doing so he might have been identified with the Laski-inspired fanatical unificationists.

H. A. Wolfsohn

K. R. POPPER:

The Poverty of Historicism

Routledge & Kegan Paul. London. 26s. 6d.

Professor Popper is, probably, the most significant living philosopher in Great Britain. Erudite, yet not pompous and diffuse, clear and honest though not trivial, his writings combine what is best in the British and German philosophical traditions, avoiding the faults of both.

The Poverty of Historicism is a somewhat modified reprint of Popper's articles in *Economica* which appeared in the middle 'forties. The object is to demolish, by logical analysis, a family of myths which have, at least since Hegel, bedevilled the social sciences, corrupted and frightened liberals, and provided political gangsters with fake credentials of intellectual respectability. The myths—historicism—consist of several loosely associated quasi-philosophical beliefs: there are 'iron laws' of Historical Development which the initiated may divine, though not alter; the logical differences between the natural and the social sciences are basic; society is an 'organic' whole which can be understood only by considering the 'totality of all social relations' all at once—nothing less will do; individuals are products of social organization, yet the latter cannot be understood in terms of 'mere' interactions of individuals. Associated are some politico-moral recommendations: social policies out of step with the 'iron laws' of history are futile; no reform which does not encompass the 'totality of social relationships' is any good, and, since the 'inevitable' is going to happen anyway one might as well jump on what appears to be the bandwaggon—take the 'freedom of necessity'.

Professor Popper shows that the scientific pretences of historicism are based on trivial and shallow misunderstandings of how concepts are used in the natural sciences. As a consequence terms with rigorously

defined meaning within the context of theoretical physics, e.g. the term 'dynamics', are employed as vague metaphors in a manner which misleads rather than clarifies, yet they provide historicism with a false aura of sophistication. The historicists habitually confuse trends with laws and their prophecies are based on more or less groundless extrapolations of some contemporary tendencies. Historicist theories are usually consistent with any conceivable state of affairs, which far from being an asset, merely shows that they are empirically empty. Professor Popper exposes the 'utopian' pretences of the historicists and shows why they usually lead to totalitarianism.

There is much in this book which is of general philosophical interest. Thus the 'problem of demarcation', i.e. how to distinguish pseudoscience—such as marxism, astrology or psycho-analysis—from science, is clearly stated. A more formal development of this principle can be found in Popper's *Logik der Forschung* soon to appear in English. Most of the views held by Popper have become generally accepted among social scientists in the West, yet some of the nonsense he demolished still lingers on among *littérateurs*, and among some psychologists. And, of course, historicism flourishes in those happy regions, where compulsory drill in Hegelian logic to the tune of police whistles constitutes a prerequisite for privileged consumption. Yet Popper's views seem to have penetrated even there despite the fact that the alternatives to *diamat* were penury or the virgin soil: his influence on the young Polish 'revisionist' philosopher Kolakowski is glaringly obvious and a Polish translation of Popper's magnum opus *The Open Society and Its Enemies* is about to be published in Warsaw, provided the new Moscow freeze does not stop it.

F. Knöpfelmacher

G. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON:

Parkinson's Law or the Pursuit of Progress

John Murray. London. 15s. 6d.

We have been beaten to the draw. The *Sydney Morning Herald* took a mean advantage of us from the fact that she is daily and *Quadrant* is a quarterly, and she reviewed this book first. Granny is a paper we respect. We often read her after we are sufficiently awake and alert, and then we know on which subjects to write our daily letter of protest.

But now we demur. They headed their review 'Rich Satire on Big Business'. The reason for our demur is that we expect most people to think of big business as something with shares traded in daily on the Stock Exchange. But Professor Parkinson thinks, and properly so, that the only really big business is nationalized business, that under the control of the Government—though when we say 'control', of course, we only mean that you should read the book. Nobody—but nobody—has control over those businesses in which we are all involuntary shareholders.

In the course of a long and checkered, if not pied and dappled, career we have been on a few boards. Occasionally they were companies responsible to the Stock Exchange. Those were ornery, as they say in Texas. Others were charitable boards responsible for the joyful spending of other people's gifts. At least one was responsible to a Minister.

We were horrified to find that Professor Parkinson had been at some of our meetings, or had planted a spy in our midst. How else explain a line like this?

'To make himself heard, the member has to rise. Once on his feet, he cannot help making a speech, if only from force of habit.

"Mr Chairman," he will begin, "I think I may assert without fear of contradiction—and I am speaking now from twenty-five (I might almost say twenty-seven) years of

experience—that we must view this matter in the gravest light. A heavy responsibility rests upon us, and I for one. . ."

'Amid all this drivel the useful men present, if there are any, exchange little notes that read, "Lunch with me tomorrow—we'll fix it then".'

As for getting on in the world, Professor Parkinson has a few words of advice. Take cocktail parties. More people go than leave. How do you establish your importance? How will you know the people who matter?

'They will not want to make an entrance before there are sufficient people there to observe their arrival. But neither will they want to arrive after other important people have gone on (as they always do) to another party. Their arrival will therefore be at least half an hour after the party begins and at least an hour before it is due to end. That gives us a bracket, suggesting the formula that the optimum arrival time will be exactly three-quarters of an hour after the time given on the invitation card.'

Possibly the greatest of all the laws established by Professor Parkinson is his Law of Triviality. To summarize it would have the same validity as a summary of the telephone directory. What the Professor has clearly shown is that a government cabinet or a board of directors will spend time in discussion of a project in inverse ratio to the size of the appropriations. An atomic reactor at £10,000,000 will be settled in two and a half minutes because no one knows what one is, and if they knew couldn't remember, and if remembered, wouldn't care.

But if there is an appropriation for coffee for the Joint Welfare Committee amounting to £1 15s. od. a month, the discussion will last an acrimonious hour and a quarter. The Professor feels that at some point in increasing or decreasing

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se of appropriations, the discussion
ill cease. According to him the
urve of time spent will show that
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inutes each. Further research would
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urve so that the length of a discussion
ould be projected before the meeting.
These examples will give a fair
lea of the book. It is gilding the lily
o say that it has been for many
months now a best seller in America.
Maybe the Americans want to find
ut what will happen when Russia
akes over, and all business is run
y the government. L. R. Coleman

HENRY MILLER:

Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch

Leinemann. London. 37s. 3d.

This is a surprisingly pleasant book,
and a surprisingly unexhilarating one.
For here is Miller in permanent
retreat. His voice no longer sounds
like the humming of a top, but like
the meditative twang of the harp.
The wild man has come to rest, the
raveller through the vortex (his
queryings, obscenities, loudmouthed
ecstasies behind him) has become
Sir Stay-put, the Thoreau of the
modern Californian coast.

Big Sur is the region in California,
south of Monterey, which he now
calls home. And the Oranges of
Hieronymus Bosch are details in
that painter's 'The Millennium'.
Their glow illumines the world for
Miller, and makes the present *his*
millennium: 'Bosch is one of the
very few painters—he was indeed
more than a painter!—who acquired
a magic vision. He saw through the
phenomenal world, rendered it trans-
parent, and thus revealed its pristine
aspect. Seeing the world through his
eyes it appears to us once again as
a world of indestructible order,
beauty, harmony, which it is our
privilege to accept as a paradise or
convert into a purgatory.'

interesting

*

intriguing

*

*

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REVIEWS

Miller has accepted it as a paradise; and this acceptance is surely connected with the sanity and common-sense quality of many of his remarks: e.g., 'It is my belief that the immature artist seldom thrives in idyllic surroundings.' But I find the visionary quality which he commends lacking in his own prose.

Basically, then, this is a religious book; and it does not argue, but announces, or even preaches, its religious conception: an eclectic post-Christian quietism. The Left Bank is out of fashion, the Artists' Colony has become an anachronism. The best of all possible worlds is the inner world of cheerful contentment.

Not that it is a mere tract. Dozens of people come and go through its pages. Most of them are unknown to me and (in Miller's writing-up) not very interesting. All of them appear lay-figures, glimpsed distortedly from a side-angle. Is it because Miller's interest in them extends only so far

as their immediate effect on him? Their author is offhand; and they are bloodless.

Where in all this is *The Tropic of Cancer*? Where *The Colossus of Maroussi*? Where *Murder the Murderer*? We might have expected that they would become period pieces for us; it is interesting that they seem to have become period pieces for Henry Miller too.

Yes, it is a cheerful and contented book; and it preaches and reminisces very pleasantly. But it could hardly grip the imaginations of many people. Compared with Yeats's *Autobiographies* (which seems, in a way, the most natural book to compare it with) it appears muted, faded. The All-American boy has become a quietist, and a conventional one at that; it is a welcome and an interesting change. But it is somewhat startling to see a man returning to his roots in the nineteen-fifties, and finding only Thoreau. Vincent Buckley

NEW CONTRIBUTORS

HUGH ATKINSON

returned to Australia recently after working in England as publicity officer for the British Labour Party and in India as a copywriter and later for UNESCO. His novel *The Pink and the Brown* is a vivid study of post-British India.

IRVING KRISTOL

formerly co-editor of *Encounter* has become editor of the U.S. magazine *The Reporter*.

GEORGES FALUDY

writes that he 'emigrated from Hungary to Paris in 1939, was shut in a concentration camp in Morocco as a democrat in 1940 and detained as an anti-fascist on Ellis Island in 1941; subsequently became secretary of the Free Hungary Movement and then served for three years as a volunteer in the US Army'. In 1946 he returned to Hungary, became literary editor of the Social-Democratic daily paper, and was gaoled in 1950. After the 1956 revolution he escaped and now edits the Hungarian paper *Irodalmi Ujsdg*.

RAE CAMPBELL

is now convalescing in Australia and doing freelance writing.

A. G. MITCHELL

is Professor of English Language at Sydney University.

E. G. DOCKER

was for a time Liaison Officer attached to the Colonial Service in Northern Rhodesia, and subsequently a Research Scholar at the Australian National University.

ANTHONY K. RUSSELL

is lecturer in Graphic and Industrial Design at the Perth Technical College in Western Australia.

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